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Notes of the Week

THE Prime Minister, entrenched in his second line at Gairloch, beckoning the coy Sinn Feiners with one hand and with the other holding off the advancing Labour Mayors (who on Monday had occupied Inverness, and by Tuesday evening, in spite of the melancholy protests of Mr. Lloyd George's physician, had dug themselves in at the Gairloch Hotel), is a man sufficiently beset by circumstances to deserve our sympathy, without the addition of the Inverness dentist. As we go to Press the Labour Mayors have established contact and an action is developing. Various strong points in the neighbourhood are held by Cabinet Ministers, but the road to the South is undefended. With so many of his boomerangs returning upon him the Prime Minister is personally in a position of some difficulty, and his method of extricating himself from it will be worth watching. That he will so extricate himself we are quite sure, although at what and whose cost is a question of a more serious kind.

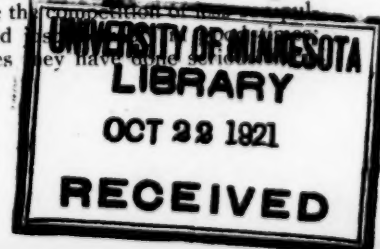
The country is waiting with some anxiety for the Cabinet's reply to Mr. de Valera's telegram of Monday. One way or the other it is likely to be decisive. The Sinn Fein leader disclaimed the idea of asking Mr. Lloyd George to accept any conditions precedent to a conference, looked forward to a treaty of accommodation and association between Great Britain and Ireland as the result of unfettered discussion among their representatives, and wanted in effect to be informed whether it was demanded that the Irish delegates should abjure the Republic beforehand. If so, the conference could never meet. Mr. de Valera and his colleagues, in other words, do not ask Great Britain to recognise the Republic, but at the same time will not hear of themselves being asked to renounce it. They want the ultimate settlement to wear the appearance of having been negotiated and ratified by a free and equal Ireland instead of being imposed upon her; and it is all to the interests of both parties that their humour should be gratified. If and when the confer-

ence meets, the Republic and independence and the consent of the governed and the distinction between self-recognition and self-determination are pretty sure to fade tactfully away while the fixed and tangible realities of the problem come to the front. All the more reason why both sides should have done with dialectics at a distance and come to grips with facts at a round table.

The resumed session of the Northern Parliament of Ireland has so far been remarkable for nothing save a commendable restraint. Both Lord Londonderry and the Premier, while expressing their desire for peace and eventual co-operation, displayed a frankness concerning the late negotiations at Downing Street which is very typical of the whole Ulster attitude. That attitude is one of the business man towards a business proposition. They entered into a conference, these speakers avowed, out of no considerations other than those of expediency. It seemed to their advantage to do so. In a precisely similar way they will accept or reject suggestions for a modification of their constitution in favour of union with the South, according as to whether it seems to their advantage to do so or not. No other considerations will weigh with them. The so-called Ulster problem is less racial and sectarian and patriotic than simply practical.

Unemployment is beginning to yield, but only very slightly, to the trade revival. By no possibility, however, can the revival gather force enough to absorb the million and a half workers who are now out of a job before the new year. We are in for a black winter at a time when all the funds and schemes for meeting distress are exceptionally depleted. The state of the national finances could hardly be better gauged than by the admitted inadequacy of the Government's proposals for dealing with the situation. They do not go beyond a promise that the State will find half the interest and sinking fund for a limited number of years to enable local authorities to raise loans for starting relief works. Mr. Clynes has written to the Speaker suggesting that Parliament should be summoned. But except to talk about it and about, it is difficult to see how Parliament could contribute much to a problem the solution of which must be mainly administrative. During the war by our genius for improvisation we cracked some very hard nuts, but in this case emergency measures will not carry us far. What is needed is a recognition that unemployment is the cancer of the industrial system, that it must be treated on national and uniform lines, that the responsibility for providing for its surplus labour must fall first of all on each industry, and that the State and the municipalities should hammer out a broad policy of relief capable of being put into instant execution. The thing can be done, and most certainly it ought to be done.

The Trade Boards are a classic example of how good intentions may come to grief. The Acts of 1909 and 1916 were devised to do away with "sweating" in trades in which the workers had proved incapable of looking after their own interests, and in which "good employers" had to face the competition of less scrupulous men. They worked well in the present bad times.



to the trades whose wage-rates came under their control. Equal numbers of employers and employed sit on the Boards, with a neutral element appointed by the Ministry of Labour—which element, naturally, has generally had the casting vote, and has in many cases given it, in ignorant good faith, for a minimum wage-rate which the employers could only pay at a loss. To get a rate re-adjusted has been a long business; and then a period of months had to elapse before the new rate came into force—this while the business position was changing from day to day. Also, the Boards have generally failed to make any distinction between minimum rates in one part of the country and another; the necessity of which is recognized even in Trade Union practice. In the conditions of to-day employers have been obliged either to discharge their people or enter into an illegal agreement with them and run the risk of being prosecuted, as some have been. Lord Cave's Committee has to solve the problem of getting this state of things altered in accordance with ordinary commonsense and humanity, without the long delay involved in getting the law amended by Act of Parliament.

The League of Nations, the second Assembly of which is now being held at Geneva, is really on its trial before the world, and is daily giving evidence for and against itself in all its sayings and doings. A case in point is the Vilna question. Is Vilna with its surrounding territory to go to Lithuania, who unquestionably has a strong historic claim to it, or to Poland, who amongst other reasons can advance that of possession? No one believes that Zeligowski, though she has disowned him, does not hold it for her. The question has been before the League before, and Zeligowski drove the Lithuanians out of their old capital in bold defiance of the League. But the League has persevered, and under its auspices negotiations took place in April-May at Brussels which, though apparently fruitless at the time, have led to the proposals drawn up by M. Hymans being accepted with some reservations by Lithuania, who is willing to give Vilna autonomy and the use of Polish as well as Lithuanian in its Diet. Poland, however, is recalcitrant, and it was this attitude of hers that was before the Council of the League at the beginning of the week, when it was roundly condemned by Mr. Balfour and other speakers, including M. Bourgeois for France—an important thing, as Poland is generally supposed to look for support to the French. Poland further showed her ill-will to Lithuania by voting against that nation's admission to the League. As all the other members except Rumania voted for the admission of Lithuania, the League surely can now take action, and this will imply *de jure* recognition, to obtain which the Lithuanians are naturally very keen. It remains to be seen what the League will do if Poland continues obstinate.

That Lord Reading is capable of learning is shown by his action in arresting the brothers Ali. Those notorious Mohammedan firebrands have been a source of serious trouble in India for some years, and in May the Indian Government decided to prosecute them because of the inflammatory speeches they had made in the United Provinces. But wishing, no doubt, to hasten slowly, Lord Reading, after an interview with Ghandi, permitted them to get off on their apologising and promising amendment in a document which they signed. They repeatedly broke this pledge, most flagrantly at the All Indian Caliphate Conference at Karachi, and their arrest has followed naturally enough. In addressing their Moslem audiences the phrase most commonly on their lips was a passionate adjuration to die for their religion, a calculated incitement to violence, the terrible effect of which on ignorant and fanatic Mohammedans has been seen in the Moplah rebellion with its bloodshed and ruin, a rebellion which does not yet appear to be altogether suppressed. There

can be no mistaking whither such an agitation as that conducted so persistently by the brothers Ali and others of the same stripe leads, and it is more than time to deal firmly with it. The activities of Ghandi merit the closest attention.

In the somewhat plaintive Note to the Soviet Government that was published this week Lord Curzon drew attention to the malign activities of the Bolsheviks in Persia and elsewhere, with their undisguised threat to India. We understand that in November Sir Percy Loraine is going out to Teheran in succession to Mr. H. C. Norman as Minister. The appointment was announced a few days ago by the *Times* in a message from its Special Correspondent in the Middle East, and though it seems a little strange that Printing House Square should get its information in this manner and not the other way about, we certainly have no quarrel with the news itself; for the appointment creates a welcome precedent in the Diplomatic Service. Sir Percy is one of the most brilliant of our young diplomats, and his promotion to Minister is probably a "record," as he was given the rank of Counsellor less than a year ago. Now a little over forty, he entered the Diplomatic Service in 1904, after serving with the Imperial Yeomanry in the Boer War. He speaks both Turkish and Persian, having been at Constantinople, and a member of the Teheran legation, from 1907 to 1909. Later he was at Peking, Paris, Madrid, and Warsaw, his work at the last-named city being specially notable. He was attached to the Delegation to the Peace Conference at Paris, and was a member of Sir George Clerk's special Mission to Hungary.

The Soviet Government seem blind to their benefactors. Their Trade agreement with Great Britain could hardly fail to benefit their distracted country yet they deliberately imperil its permanence by persistent acts of hostility. An equal perversity marks their handling of the famine crisis, all outside efforts of mitigation being met with evasion and obstacles at every turn. The Moscow Government need continue along these lines very little further to destroy altogether what small measure of goodwill still exists between them and this country. Those who have a mind—and means—to contribute towards the relief of famine in Russia want but small encouragement to turn their attentions exclusively to starvation nearer home.

In the political chaos which is China figures come and go as in some shadow play. Last year it was Marshal Tuan Chi-jui, thrice Premier and the most important Chinaman since Yuan Shi-kai, who was forced to retire into private life. The present year has seen a similar fate overtake Wang Chan-yuan, the Tuchun or Military Governor of Hupeh, master of the great inland cities of the Yangtze, and gorged with their plunder. In both cases their fall was brought about by one and the same military leader, General Wu Peifu, who has now become Inspector-General of Hupeh as well as of Hunan, and is thereby on an equality with those other super-Tuchuns of the North, Chang Tso-lin of Manchuria and Tsao Kun of Chihli. In the operations around Peking in 1920, which resulted in the overthrow of Tuan Chi-jui, General Wu appeared merely as a divisional commander of the troops of Tsao Kun, but it was he who did most of the fighting. His rise has been astonishingly rapid, but he is a remarkable man, and some competent observers maintain that the struggle in China will be between him and Chang Tso-lin. Hitherto he has been regarded as the champion of the people, as a progressive, and as distinctly anti-Japanese.

Although China is weak politically, she is anything but weak industrially, and this perhaps is the reason why she is so well-served by her diplomats, who are

highly-educated in the Western as well as the Eastern sense, and take no part in their internal politics—a fact that is not generally understood. China will be represented at Washington by some of her best men, and they are sure of a sympathetic reception. With the approach of the Conference it becomes more and more evident that China will occupy most of its attention, as indeed is shown by the agenda just issued. Japan has known this thoroughly all along, and is already displaying her skill and wisdom in handling a difficult situation by offering concessions to China with respect to Shantung. Although not quite satisfactory to the Chinese, they afford a much better basis for friendly negotiation than any previous proposals. Japan announces her readiness to renounce various rights given to her by the Treaty of Versailles, provided China accepts an arrangement for the joint control of the Shantung railway. Afraid of Japan, China thinks that this joint control will in practice mean Japanese control, and naturally she does not like the idea. Evidence that Japan can adjust her policy to the position of affairs is afforded by the agreement regarding Yap which she is making with the United States.

The failure of the Home Office to undo an act of injustice in the case of Mr. Norman Weisz, its expulsion of Dr. Oscar Levy, and its refusal, in the face of criticism in the public press, to give any explanation of its attitude in either case, are only examples of the apparently growing conviction, on the part of the heads of public departments, that they are responsible to nobody and can do as they like with the liberties of the individual citizen. In the past week the Admiralty and the War Office have furnished similar instances. The Admiralty dumped one of its large concrete towers off Shoreham, with the result that the currents have been deflected, the channels leading to the harbour silted and shipping discouraged from using the place. This is, at least, a very serious inconvenience, and the Shoreham Harbour Trustees have very properly approached the Admiralty with a request that the obstruction be removed. The Admiralty has simply ignored these representations. Similarly the War Office has refused any explanation on the subject of the Australian graves in Flanders—a case where, if the painful impression created by recent letters to the press is not well founded, a word or two of explanation would have saved some people a good deal of unhappiness.

British shipowners have learned during the past two years not to take the American merchant marine too seriously. They will not therefore be very greatly disturbed by the rumours that President Harding is being strongly urged to place a discriminatory duty of 10 per cent. on cargoes carried, for example, by British vessels between American and non-British ports. A good deal of this "indirect trade" from the United States to foreign lands is handled by British, Scandinavian and Japanese shipping companies; and the Americans seem to think that all of it should be in their hands. But they are not very likely to get it by legislation. Nothing much has come of the grandiose Jones Act of fourteen months ago which gave preferential railway rates to goods shipped for export in American bottoms, directed all the Government-controlled vessels to seek classification not at Lloyd's but with the American Bureau of Shipping, imposed special penalties on foreign insurance companies doing marine business in the United States, and threatened to shut out from American ports any vessels whose owners were parties to the rebate system. Such legislation easily makes international mischief, but for constructive purposes of any kind it is virtually impotent. Breaking treaties or denouncing them or reverting to the spirit and practices of the old Navigation Acts will never in these days build up the American or any other merchant marine.

Since Government control came to an end the railway companies have given proof after proof that the coma of the past seven years has not stupified them. One by one the pre-war facilities and conveniences are being restored, and the companies are showing a keener desire to help on a general industrial revival than to poach on one another's preserves. Rates are still very high both for passenger and freight when compared with pre-war standards; but means will have to be found of reducing them if the 6,000,000 tons lost to the railways last year and annexed by the motor transport services are to be regained. Unlike the Post Office, the companies seem to understand that business can only be won back by providing a better service and anticipating the public demand. This is what they are now doing with vigour and success. In another year we may have, as we had before the war, the safest and most convenient railway system in the world.

Two years ago the Prime Minister wrote a circular letter to the Government Departments, pointing out that "the time had come when each Minister ought to make it clear to those under his control that, if they could not reduce expenditure, they must make room for those who could." Nothing whatever came of this heroic declaration; and successive attempts in the same direction culminated in the memorandum sent out by the Chancellor of the Exchequer four months ago, notifying the Departments that a saving of £140,000,000 was required of them as a whole, and directing each to do its utmost in the effecting of economies. The upshot is that a saving of about £70,000,000 is promised by the returns now received in reply to Sir Robert Horne's memorandum. Each Department, naturally, has acted on the principle that the other fellow ought to make the sweeping reductions, its own work being what really mattered. Sir Eric Geddes's egregious Committee of eminent business men is therefore expected to deal with the matter, and to propose a scheme of rationing by Departments which will effect the saving of the additional £70,000,000. It is an agreeable arrangement for Ministers, who will be in a position to wash their hands of any undesirable results due to the efforts of a body of gentlemen who can know little or nothing of what they are about.

The sailing of the little *Quest* upon her thirty thousand mile voyage of discovery in Southern seas must fire our imaginations to-day, when men are accustomed to crossing the ocean in vast and luxurious liners. The enterprise is in the manner of the early adventurers who set sail upon unknown waters in ships of much the same tonnage as the *Quest*, and returned after long years of silence to tell strange tales of distant lands. To-day that silence is unnecessary, for by the device of science Sir Ernest Shackleton and his gallant crew can remain throughout their travels in communication with the civilised world. But their undertaking will be no less hazardous on that account, nor their hardships less severe. The thoughts and good wishes of the country will be with them in their search for the Golden Fleece among Antarctic ice-packs and in the lost islands of the Pacific.

Sir Ernest Cassel died on Wednesday. A German Jew, industriously and with great success gleaning in the fields of the notorious Baron Hirsch, and founding his wealth in the intrigues of armament firms, he represented an influence in our public affairs which, convenient as it may have seemed at awkward moments, has proved almost wholly undesirable. A large part of his expenditure took the form of charitable donations.

IRISH REALITIES

IT would appear that the greater part of the Irish question is still on the road that leads, or should lead, to adjustment. By the greater part we mean the Anglo-Irish part, the part that is concerned with the relations between Great Britain and Ireland. It is not by any means the whole of the Irish problem. But it dominates or reacts upon every single aspect of it. Nothing else can be settled until it is settled. There are a hundred reasons why Ireland should be given the right of managing her own affairs and why the unnatural, the irritating, the deeply detested link that at present joins England and Ireland should be replaced by another. But among them is the fact that as the result of the legislative union political opinion in Ireland, and all that depends on it, is poisoned at the source. In a self-governing Ireland there would soon be questions enough to keep not two but half a dozen parties invigoratingly employed. But all Irishmen feel the futility under present conditions of inscribing anything but Home Rule or the Union on their political banners. Opinion is enslaved to the necessity of determining the fundamental issue which overshadows and confuses all other issues; it is compressed on either side of a single point and marshalled in defence or attack of an entire system of government; and only the dissolvent of autonomy can set it free and release thought and action from the influences that to-day distort or paralyse them both.

It is this rigid and enforced extremism (operative, of course, just as much in Unionist as in Nationalist Ireland) that has complicated Mr. de Valera's negotiations with the Prime Minister and has more than once threatened their rupture. At bottom there is probably no vital difference of opinion between the two men or the nations whom they represent. The great bulk of the British people have come round to the view that Ireland should receive the amplest measure of self-government that is possible or conceivable within the Empire and under the Crown and without breaking up that unity at the centre which is the secret of all organised strength. The bulk of the Irish people would willingly accept that offer not only as a guarantee of immediate peace but as a base from which they could develop a national system really expressive of themselves. At any rate they would not hesitate a moment to confer about it and find out how far it could be made to square with their desire to shape their own corporate life. But even conference is difficult, because the Sinn Féin leaders, at a time of intense public excitement and in circumstances very different from those of to-day, committed themselves and their followers to the declaration that henceforward Ireland was an independent Republic with all the attributes of a sovereign State.

This declaration has not had the smallest international effect. No foreign power has recognised Ireland as an independent Republic and none ever will so long as British power and British wishes have some influence in the world. The Irish Nationalists themselves accepted it as a high-sounding something handed to them by their leaders. They are used to such pronouncements. Their public life is spent amid a litter of flamboyant resolutions which hardly anybody believes in or examines at all closely, but which are unanimously adopted out of good nature, to avoid singularity, to avert the displeasure of some league or faction that wants to see the resolution passed, and for all the other reasons that have made moral courage a rarity and terrorism the rule in Irish life. There is not the least ground for thinking that the Nationalist rank and file have made up their minds that the Republic is the only form their undoubted desire for self-government can assume or that they seriously contemplate a national existence outside the British Empire. They would have applauded just as heartily and with just as negligent an eye for consequences a declaration in favour of union with the United States or any other pro-

gramme urged upon them by "the organisation" as a move in the war against England. To-day if they realised what is at stake, and were free to speak, they would say that the effort to destroy British rule by force and to set up in its place an Irish Republic was certainly not worth the bloodshed and the disorganisation of all social and commercial life it has caused in the past two years. At a single word from their leaders the Irish Nationalists would abandon the Republic far more eagerly than they embraced it.

For the leaders themselves the position is more awkward. They proclaimed a Republic partly because it presented the flattest of all alternatives to the existing system, partly with an eye to American opinion and dollars, and partly because the bitter events that followed the Easter rising had thrown moderation of counsel and of action into the background. Three things, however, must by now be clear to them. The first is that Ulster absolutely rejects the Republican idea and that civil war in Ireland would follow any attempt to establish and impose it by force. The second is that British opinion, while anxious as it was never anxious before for a durable concordat unanimously repudiates severance as one of its ingredients. The third is that a Republic in Ireland is not as it was with France fifty years ago, the last experiment in government that the circumstances permit. There are other roads which invite to exploration and they lead, not indeed to a republic and independence, but to a secure autonomous status equal to that of Canada or Australia or New Zealand or South Africa, and affording the widest scope for the satisfaction of the sense of nationality. The Sinn Féin leaders have admitted that the Republican solution is not sacrosanct and exclusive, but they naturally do not relish being called upon to abjure it altogether. They have very publicly placed it in the forefront of their programme, and they make it clear that they can only enter a conference as the representatives of a State which has in fact cut loose from the British connection. That is how they regard themselves and how they wish to be regarded.

From the British standpoint this contention appears inadmissible. But is it really so? Or rather would it not be better to give these questions of credentials and status and mandates the go-by, to impose no restrictions and to ask for no abjurations beforehand, and to let the conference be an equal and unfettered one between the British and the Irish leaders? Great Britain will not officially countenance an Irish Republic or the emissaries of any such Republic, nor will any settlement be acceptable to her that does not maintain the authority of the Crown and the integrity of the United Kingdom and the Empire. Sinn Féin, on the other hand, cannot officially consent to remain in the Empire; but the moment the conference settles down to business in earnest, we have no doubt that a practical accommodation can and will be reached, and that the question of forms and titles, which have governed in the endless word-game between the Prime Minister and Mr. de Valera, will sink into abstract issues of no effective significance. The great thing and the imperative thing is to get the conference going.

OUR CANDID FRIEND

CORDIAL relations, as everybody knows, exist between this country and France. Our attention is directed to their cordiality whenever France is mentioned by any British public man, from the Prime Minister to the Mayor of Folkestone; the greater part of the Press chimes in loyally; and the ordinary Englishman believes that, in spite of occasional awkwardness, what he is told is on the whole true. He is gratified to hear of such affairs as this week's Franco-British carnival at Boulogne, held to

assist the fund for that town's war-memorial; or the visit of forty-five English mayors to the devastated regions, with the idea of adding to the number of French towns and communes "adopted" by English municipalities. He thinks it only natural to assume that his own feeling about these and similar events is shared by Frenchmen. He cannot help remembering some occasions in the past three years when things were done by the French Government which appeared to be intended to thwart and humiliate our own; but the explanations, the declarations of unbroken unity and singleness of purpose, which always followed have not been without reassuring effect. Allowances, it was felt, must be made for France; and so it has gone on. We do not feel so enthusiastic about the French as we once did; but they are not unpopular; and anything in the nature of a public attack on them as a nation is unheard of among us.

Those, however, whose business it is to look at what underlies protestations and set phrases, cannot be agreeably impressed when a French Minister at Boulogne speaks of "the development of the cordial relations existing between our two countries." One who may be called upon at any time to utter the same string of words himself is none the better pleased with them on that account; even the most deep-rooted habit of mental dishonesty could hardly reconcile a man to the boredom of this interminable pretence. For the plain truth, of which the general public here remains unconscious, is that the general public in France dislikes the English with an intensity all its own; an intensity to which the English could never rise even if they felt inclined to be quarrelsome. This is an unpleasant truth, and a disposition to ignore unpleasant truths is an amiable weakness of our people. But it must be overcome in this case, for a policy founded on a gross fiction can only be disastrous in the end to both nations, and the only hope of getting our relations with France on to a tolerable footing is that we should understand one another.

The causes underlying this dislike were hinted at by M. Jonnart in his speech at the Boulogne banquet. The war, he said, had left England in a situation "happily less tragic" than that of France. M. Jonnart did not suggest that he blamed us for that; but his countrymen, unfortunately, do. Unreasonable, of course; but then, they do not aim at being reasonable. They feel an injustice in this working of events, and they see red in consequence. "England has not known the long, cruel years of invasion," M. Jonnart observed; and implicit in his words was the thought of every Frenchman that he would like to know what we had ever done to deserve such luck. But once set in this frame of mind, they find so much more to fasten upon us. England, remarked M. Jonnart, "has put her hand on the greater part of Germany's commercial fleet." She had got the German colonies. "She had for her security insisted upon the delivery or destruction of her enemy's war-ships, while the security of France remained always menaced by the ill-will and bad faith displayed by Germany in regard to disarmament." The catalogue of what England has gained by the war, without corresponding advantage having been secured by her ally, is known by heart to every one of M. Jonnart's countrymen, as is also the catalogue of what France has lost and suffered through the war, without England losing or suffering anything comparable. Under the treatment of the many talented publicists who have made the exposure of John Bull the object of their lives, the thing has grown into a monstrous legend of selfish rapacity and cunning, and it is a dull week in Paris in which somebody does not discover some new evidence of the over-reaching and duping of simple-minded French ministers by Mr. Lloyd George.

It is hard, of course, to set any limits to what a

public in a passion will believe. One remembers that, before the United States went to war, vast numbers of people in that country were persuaded that the British Army had not done any fighting worth mentioning. By similar methods, Frenchmen have been brought to the point of believing that England went to war for the sake of what she could get out of it, and that she has in fact profited enormously by it. Is this wonderful, when even a statesman so eminent as M. Poincaré permits himself to add, after a reference to England's having shared the burden of the war with France, the words "and, for the rest, she did not come too badly out of it"? M. Poincaré's particular grievance is that, America having refused to come into the contemplated tripartite alliance with France and England, we did not go back on our express words, and form the alliance without America. We were well within our rights, M. Poincaré allows; and to point the admission, he "will not even say, *Summum jus, summa injuria*." This having a good case is characteristic of our villainies.

The complete absence of any attempt to be fair-minded is never agreeable to Englishmen, and when they are the objects of attack they resent it more than any violence or abuse. When they come to realise, as they must, what sort of a reputation they are being given in France, this aspect of the matter will tell. There is a reply, and a conclusive reply, to every one of the points raised against us, or such of them as have even the appearance of any substance about them. There is even an answer to the reproach that we did not undergo the horrors of invasion; namely, that we took very good care not to. But nobody in France ever hears it suggested that there may be some justification for any of our proceedings. Anything that will blacken is printed; anything that might have the contrary effect is suppressed. Consider the welcome given to the forty-five English mayors who lately went to France, as aforesaid. "You will see," said the Prefect of the Seine, referring to their tour through the devastated region, "that France has bled cruelly. You will not be behindhand with your assistance." He made no reference at all to the fact that seventy-eight French towns and villages had already been "adopted" by English municipalities. He may possibly not have known it; and if so, he is in the same position as most of his countrymen, who have not been allowed to hear of it. The idea that any Englishman would put his hand in his pocket to help in restoring a French town is entirely foreign to the conception of us that has been set up. If it were known to be the truth, the finding of some discreditable motive would be child's play to the experts in anglophobia. For they have trained the French public to believe that England detests France as heartily as France has been led by them to detest England.

It is in such circumstances that M. Jonnart speaks of the "ardent desire of the French people for a close union of friendship and interests with Britain", and that Ministers on both sides continue to talk of the steadfast pursuit of a common policy by the two Powers. The friendship is a fiction because the common policy does not exist. Nobody in his senses can believe that we and the French are aiming at the same thing. We are looking, above all, for our own salvation as an industrial State, to the restoration of the economic life of Europe; and the key to that, in our view, is the resumption of full economic activity by Germany. France, obliged unwillingly to recognize the impossibility of wiping Germany completely off the map, proposes to herself, as the next best thing, the reduction of Germany to hopeless and permanent beggary, the dismemberment of her territory, and the maintenance of a policy of armed force to keep her in subjection. At the same time, "the two countries are vitally interested in the development of the cordial relations which exist between them"! We wish that they did; and we hope that they may, when France comes to think better of our policy and of ourselves.

PLAIN ENGLISH

SPEAKING recently to the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva, Mr. Balfour let fall some observations innocently typical of the attitude almost invariably perceptible in those who talk of literature without having given to it the study and practise of a lifetime. He was alluding to the annual report of the Council of the League on the work which the League has done during the current year. He said very truly that the report was a dull report. He questioned very rightly whether anyone was likely to accept it as a literary entertainment. He then proceeded to play with a suggestion that recourse might be had to distinguished men of letters, who might enliven such reports in future by the insertion of picturesque touches and by importing into it some of those literary graces in which it was so conspicuously deficient. The suggestion was presented with that charming air of not being altogether in earnest characteristic of eminent statesmen when they turn for a moment from the grave and important subjects with which they ordinarily deal to glance at the lighter aspects of life.

Mr. Balfour, in making these remarks, was far from intending to express contempt for the man of letters. He is, indeed, one of the few politicians remaining in the front rank who has an appreciable understanding and regard for the things which will survive his generation. Nevertheless the contempt was there, implicit and ineradicable, the contempt of the man of affairs for a form of activity quite unconsciously regarded as merely decorative. Literature appears as the milliner who puts a feather in the cap of Napoleon. Serious statesmen or responsible officials produce an accurate and careful report, drafted with a minute consideration for all the grave questions of policy, with a knowledge of all the national and individual susceptibilities involved. Whereupon men of letters are to be invited to enliven it and to ensure that it shall be read by the frivolous multitude. Style is assumed to be something which can be applied at the last moment, like the ornamental lemon thrust into the mouth of the bear.

Style can only be improved by increasing one's ability to reject what is trivial or irrelevant, by giving life and prominence to what is significant and essential, by seeing more clearly the thing one wishes to see, by realising more vitally the truths one desires to express, by escaping from that state of being in which thought and imagination conform loosely to the phrases of other men to the state of being in which they insist upon securing an independent and original expression. It is customary to speak of style as though it were a species of adornment whereby emotion which is vulgar or trivial may be enabled to strut with a spurious dignity or whereby commonplaces may be polished to a deceptive brilliance. The whole nature of style is directly opposed to this popular conception of its functions. Style is the most immediate way of saying something which could not otherwise be said, and this definition applies as well to the most complicated periods of Robert Browning as to the most limpid utterances of William Wordsworth. Style is not something which is added to plain English in order to invest plain English with comeliness or vitality. On the contrary style is plain English as plain as it can be made, having regard to the meaning or purpose which the author has in view.

We all know the hearty person who declares that for him plain English is good enough. He is usually referring to something which is seldom English and which is even more seldom plain. His assumption is that plain English is something which almost anybody can write. Plain English, on the contrary, is so difficult an enterprise that for all the ordinary purposes of life arrangements have necessarily to be made in order to avoid its necessity. The learned professions could not carry on their business for a single day if they were required to find for the various conceptions which they

are required to handle a fit and simple expression in plain English. In order to avoid this necessity each of the professions has invented a special jargon or dialect of its own, which admirably fulfils its purpose and can be easily and rapidly mastered by an intelligent practitioner. That the law has its special dialect is universally recognised. Diplomacy also has its dialect, and this is equally true of journalism, natural science, finance, and indeed of every pursuit that has its necessary jargon. The acquisition of such dialects nowhere touches the province of literature. They are practised successfully, and even elegantly, by thousands who have no interest in literature and have never seriously attempted either to read or to write.

These dialects are totally opposed to the whole spirit and purpose of literature. Take the case with which we are more particularly concerned, the case of the diplomatic dialect. The object of literature is to give to realities the most forcible and direct expression of which language is capable. It is the object, or at least one of the objects, of diplomacy to deal with realities in a way which shall as far as possible avoid offence to the parties concerned. It is the object of literature to find an individual expression for an individual idea. It is the object of diplomacy to express in conventional terms conceptions which are common to the whole profession. Literature aims at being intelligible to the whole world. The diplomatic dialect, like every other professional dialect, requires a certain amount of professional training for its comprehension. It is more in the nature of algebra than of literature.

We now begin to understand why the report to which Mr. Balfour alluded in his speech to the Assembly of the League of Nations was dull, and why the suggestion for its improvement by men of letters was rather more amusing, perhaps, than Mr. Balfour intended. The aim of an official report, a report which presumably interprets correctly the opinions and decisions of trained diplomatists and officials, precludes vivacity. In such a report plain English, neglecting the careful conventions of a dialect expressly framed in order that the necessity for plain English may be avoided, would be out of place. It would profoundly shock a well-trained diplomatist. One can conceive the horror of some of the delegates to the Assembly if the dull report of which Mr. Balfour complained had broken suddenly into plain English. We do not need, however, seriously to consider such a catastrophe. The man who could deal in plain English with the multitude of subjects dealt with in a report on the international activities of the League of Nations during the past year is hardly likely to exist. He would have to find a literary expression for all the ideas, policies, situations, rivalries, hatreds, disasters, ambitions and hopes which have filled the world for more than a generation. Such a man could produce a work by the side of which Mr. Thomas Hardy's 'The Dynasts' would be an unconsidered trifle. If such a man exists within the Secretariat of the League of Nations, let him for the sake of posterity quit it immediately and take the pen in hand.

The office of the man of letters and the office of the expert in dialect who drafts an official report are so entirely distinct that a single person might well fill both positions without feeling that the one was interfering with the other in the least degree. A man of letters entrusted with the drafting of an official report would never confuse his official duties with the more difficult enterprise in which at unofficial moments he aspired to succeed. One imagines that an official report written by a man of letters would be even duller than that of an official who had never attempted to express himself in plain English. It is in the nature of official reports to be dull, uniform and grey, and a man of letters, in writing such a report, would use all his skill in the employment of words to attain these necessary qualities. The author of the report to which Mr. Balfour alluded appears to have succeeded.

SOME ILLUSIONS

By 'G. S. STREET

WRITING the word brings into one's mind a flood of memories and associations and it is pleasant to drift at large on it for a few moments before making the point which is the purpose of this article. From what I remember of the remarks made on the subject by philosophers, moralists and poets, it would seem that we start with a stock of generous illusions and gradually shed them as life reveals its ugly realities. It may be so with shepherds and other unsophisticated people, but in my case the process has been otherwise, rather the reverse of that. It is true that in childhood I had minor happy illusions which experience has removed, as that the life of grown-up people was both happier and more dignified than I have found it generally to be. Children were taught that in my time: now they are taught that grown-up people are rather miserable creatures and that it is much jollier and more important to be a child: a pity, I think, since it makes them conceited. As I grew into manhood, however, I had few illusions indeed in the ordinary sense, or to put the matter more accurately, my illusions were not joyous and sunny illusions but those of cynicism. With these my young idea of life was fairly coated and in scraping them off life has revealed not its ugliness but its beauty. My undergraduate friends and I were dreadful cynics. We got our cynicism out of books, and the profession of it was part of that man-of-the-world equipment on which we prided ourselves, but repetition produced belief, in the teeth of experience. Our views about women! I myself had known intimately only women who were kind and unselfish and large-minded as well, but I thought I believed and certainly repeated all sorts of stupid man-of-the-world libels on women as a sex. That base illusion, at least, life has been good enough to remove, and has convinced me that in the qualities I most admire, in generosity, kindness, loyalty, the women I have known (for let us, after all, be cautious) were and are at least the equals of the men. I have known several thoroughly detestable men and so far as I can remember only one thoroughly detestable woman, whose name I have deposited in the British Museum, to be revealed 500 years after my death. There are other modes of early cynicism which life has destroyed in me and I hope in my companions, but I must not labour the fact: it is enough to have stated it against the poets, moralists and philosophers. Life has been a kindlier, if a more trying, business, than my early idea of it.

There is one far-reaching illusion which millions of people, surely, as well as I have lately lost, not worn away by the normal weather of years, but blown down by a shattering thunderstorm. I mean the sense of security which we enjoyed sub-consciously up to the war. I do not mean political security, belief in the necessary stability of the British Empire, England's ability to feed her population and so on, or the security of our personal fortunes, in which people like myself, heaven knows, never had reason to believe, but the sense of security which came from confounding the probable with the certain, the expectation that what most probably would happen must happen. If you are dining to-morrow evening with some one now apparently in good health, it is very improbable that you will hear of his demise to-morrow afternoon, but it is not certain you will not hear of it. Before the war you took, sub-consciously, the probability for an absolute certainty: do you still? I am pretty sure—one can't be quite sure about the sub-conscious—that I do not. That, on me at least, is an effect of the vast upheaval and destruction, that I have lost my confidence, in so far as human events and fortunes are concerned—I still believe the sun will rise to-morrow—in the expected happening. The old confidence was of course an illusion, but it was a working illusion, in spite of a foolish proverb. On rare occasions it was upset, but they did

not balance the general security. Now I never feel sure of anything, but when the sad thing happens it is as sad as ever it would have been. Since, then, the illusion worked and daily events continue to reinforce it one may expect it to return. Meanwhile let us, for goodness' sake, make the best of insecurity, enjoy the happy moment the more for it and fear less the shadow of the workhouse. After all, who knows?

And now, if I have not prematurely exhausted the reader, I will make the point I had originally in mind. There is a narrower and stricter use of the word—the illusions deliberately produced by art, the make-believe of the theatre and the novel. The fulness with which one falls into this sort of illusion can never be known comparatively: you cannot test it as you can test people's varying powers of hearing or smell. If, however, science ever made a delicate and ingenious instrument by which it could be truly tested, I would back my own power of illusion to rank high and am very glad it should be so. Play or acting must be quite incredibly bad if I am not to have the sense that something is really happening—really, I say, as in actual life, or, to be pedantically precise and prevent pedantic criticism, that the thing mimicked is actually there. I have the sense even when I am not meant to have it, as in the pirate scene of 'Ambrose Applejohn,' which is meant to be merely a dream of Ambrose's: for me, while it lasted, it was all actual. Mr. Hawtrey was a real pirate. So with novels, they must be incredibly bad if I am not to imagine the characters as alive and the things recorded as actually done or said. I am sure this power of illusion has added greatly to my enjoyment and I do not think it has impaired my power of criticism for use when the illusion is over. But I value the power of illusion a great deal more.

It follows from this (now we are really getting to the point) that circumstances which impair the illusion annoy me. People talking in an audience and so reminding me of the theatre annoy me more than others. As a critic I agree with those who say that Sir Walter Scott's introductions and notes and what-not are sometimes as good as the story, but I don't want them *with* the story: I will read them afterwards. Foot-notes especially. It does almost destroy the illusion that, while I am believing in a scene as actual, I should read that something like it actually did happen to somebody else. Some time ago I read a book of ghost stories by Dr. Montague James. Even at the time I hardly believe in ghost stories, but I like the illusion, at any rate, that they are related in good faith by some one who does. I enjoyed these stories and hastened to get another volume by Dr. James when it came out, and lo! there was a preface explaining how he came to invent them and more or less giving a receipt for the art. That was trying my power of illusion altogether too high. Imaginary memoirs and stories written in the first person by an imaginary actor in them, if they are to yield me my maximum of illusion, should not bear the name of the real author. 'Memoirs of a Midget,' for example, lost something of illusion for me in this way. The book is so finely and subtly imagined that readers much less easily illuded than I might well have thought it a real document, and I would have given much not to have remembered the 'by Walter de la Mare' on the title page. But there it was, and even for me the illusion could not be perfect. Hard to deprive Mr. de la Mare of his fame? But if only he would have waited and allowed the fact of his authorship to have leaked out afterwards when I had finished the book! Even so it would have been disconcerting. It was a pleasure and interest for those who read the first, anonymous edition of 'Father and Son,' to hear later that it was by Mr. Gosse, but suppose it had been 'Mother and Daughter'? Well, there is a limit even to the self-sacrifice of artists. I can only hope, wistfully, that they will help me in my illusion so far as they reasonably can. I will always meet them half way.

THE SANDS OF PLEASURE

BY FILSON YOUNG

I BORROW what is, I hope, a familiar title for the reflections suggested by Mr. Ralph Nevill's book.* For although he tells of Queen Victoria (that familiar figure in Mayfair and Montmartre), of restaurants, studios, statesmen, clubs, artists, old buildings, songs long since sung and lights long since extinguished, Mr. Nevill still sits on these sands like an obstinate child refusing to be called home to supper and bed by his would-be nurse, the municipal or parliamentary authority.

The document that his publishers call a book is but a collection of notes and sentences something like the contents of a boy's pockets, defying order or classification, yet entirely absorbing and interesting. There he sits, stringing his treasures together—shells, pearls, bits of coal or brick, bright glass and true amber, all thrown together higgledy-piggledy. At whatever page you open the book you will find half a dozen detached and often incongruous pieces of quite precious information, such as "the Gothic fountain on the north side of the Park outside Stanhope Gate was erected at the expense of the Maharajah Vizianagram," cheek by jowl with the statement that "Lord Clive, owing to depression, committed suicide at No. 45 Berkeley Square." "Owing to depression"—there you have the secret of Mr. Ralph Nevill's selection. He sees in his mind's eye not only Berkeley, but Grosvenor, Eaton, Belgrave, and Hanover Squares littered with suicides in the year 1921 owing to the depression caused by the preposterous restrictions imposed on men of the world by a servile modern bureaucracy. He has a Pagan horror of sadness and depression, death, night or darkness; he does not want to hear of them or be reminded of them; we shall sleep long enough some day, he says; why not sit up as late as possible and as many nights as possible in the meantime? And he takes a child's delight in the bright tinsel of pleasure that so many of his contemporaries, more prone to headaches and less impervious to late hours, have long since discarded for duller and more durable possessions.

As you read this book it confounds, informs, distracts, irritates and finally enchants you. It is all about pleasure, the kind of pleasure that is bought and sold; and Mr. Nevill deals with it in a brisk business-like manner like that of a child coming into a toy shop. To the dyspeptic and impotent his pages must read like madness. Yet there runs through them, like a submarine shadow, far below the bright, broken surface, a kind of steady pathos that is inseparable from the quest for pleasure. "When I became a man I put away childish things." Not so Mr. Nevill and those for whom he writes. In his book one sees the type of them, busily, greedily, devotedly following, sometimes in dark places, their will o' the wisps; their lips smacking over the memory of past, and moist with the desire of future pleasures; earnestly seeking those places in a naughty world where the parental *verboten* is not posted up; pathetically rejoicing in the freedom of Dieppe, where "no notice boards stating punishments and penalties disfigure the walls"; where the "old château well deserves the visitor's attention," but "the Casino with its games and dances remains open until four in the morning"—and receives what the old château only deserves. Who, not being a pussyfoot or a Mrs. Grundy, would grudge this urgent thirst its slaking and alleviation? Surely not the writer of these lines. And the man of pleasure, although he treads a thorny path in law-ridden England, and sees round him in London but an arid waste of prohibition, need not be entirely comfortless. Fountains rise in the desert of the Pas de Calais; manna feeds him from the skies of Normandy; he goes on from strength to strength, until he finally arrives and falls adoring at the *butte* of Montmartre.

* *Mayfair and Montmartre*. By Ralph Nevill. Methuen. 15s.

But I would not have it thought that I treat frivolously what is, after all, a serious book. For it is no joke to Mr. Nevill that the price of champagne is what it is, that he must be turned out of his clubs at midnight, and that in the mid tide of supper gaiety the nurse in charge of his table takes away his glass and sends him off to bed. It is no joke that the glories which he sings are departed, that where the fair and frail guests of the Corinthian and the Alsatian once tripped and laughed, the ponderous policeman now lurks in the gloom; that in an area of London once devoted to the machinery of pleasure, there are now only silence, hypocrisy and repression. And he is right. We are sadly lacking in joy, and even in the appearance of it; or is it, peradventure, that joy is a thing that belongs only to the morning of life, and that they who make a business of searching for it later search in vain? Is it that the majority of the generation that partook of the pleasures of the 'nineties' is now occupied with duller and quieter things, has packed up its toys and gone home, leaving only a few inveterate children like Mr. Nevill still loitering wistfully on the sands of pleasure with the mists of evening gathering about them? It may be so; but speaking as one whose pail and spade are somewhat rusty, I feel that something should be done for these belated children. It is no use sending them to bed; they will not sleep, they will only lament in the premature darkness, and be driven to strange and illegal convocations. It is not fair; for England and London still belong to them, as well as to their successors inanely jazzing with one another and apparently blind to the joys of losing money in the small hours of the morning or of watching pretty women eating a succession of expensive meals in several places in one evening. There is no more harm in these things than in any other of the things that human beings do because they like them, and we should not be driven abroad in the quest for individual liberty. For liberty to be foolish is just as important as liberty to be wise—otherwise it were no liberty, but a dismal licence or ticket-of-leave.

For reasons like these I hold in high regard Mr. Nevill and his brave assertion of the rights of the carnal man. I sigh over his reminiscences of the past, I burn with indignation over the insane restrictions of the present, and I fondly look for that resurrection of the body that takes place the moment I take my ticket for Paris, or devote to the old château of Dieppe that attention of which it is so worthy. But when I revisit those sands of pleasure I am conscious of a difference—in myself, of course, not in them. Mr. Nevill thinks they change; but they do not. It is we who change, and who go back there, some of us, to cheat ourselves with the illusion of our departed youth. Montmartre and its like belong for ever to the young—the young in heart, if not in body, to whom Mr. Nevill belongs. Such places are beautiful only when peopled with youth and folly, and the tired and the old and the unsavoury should leave them alone, for they will see only the ugly and seamy side of them. It is Mr. Nevill's abiding merit that he still truly sees and pursues the beauty that is in such a life, in such places; and yet even he—dare one say it?—is not really of it. He is one of its patrons, not a member; nor does he realise what a gulf separates the stiff-shirted visitors of the Travellers' Club from the mysterious fraternity to which those who are partakers, and not mere buyers, belong. Mr. Nevill's world, the standard from which he looks at these things, is that of the people who pay and who pride themselves on knowing the price of everything. The chink of money has no unimportant part in the ensemble of his orchestra. He has always one foot in the world and one in the half-world, and is ready to escape from either the moment he is bored, or overcharged.

His gossip about Paris is full of interest, and contains many an odd scrap of out-of-the-way informa-

tion, most of it accurate. There are one or two curious omissions—no mention of the Rat Mort and its brief miraculous resurrection, while amid pages devoted to serious criticism of restaurants there is no mention of the Tour d'Argent which, in spite of its modern clientèle of duck-hunting Americans, is probably the only restaurant in Paris where the traditions of the *haute cuisine* of François I are still faithfully observed. Most of this expensive restaurant world of Paris, once so famous, has, in fact, become utterly vulgarised and is little better than a sham and an imitation, where the external appearance of things, and their prices, are all that has any resemblance to the artistic perfection that made them famous. Even the little places have their character outraged by a clientèle that knows nothing of cookery or art, but only of spending money. I shall not readily forget, on my last visit to Paris, going to the *Escargot*, which for a moment I thought was unchanged. But no. On the subdued activity of several parties of bourgeois French, eating (and drinking) their snails with the simple country wine that goes with them so well, ministered to by an anxious ancient expert, there rose a quavering but strident voice: "Say, Chris, see if you can't flag the old guy and have him bring some iced champagne. I'm kine o' sick in me stomach." Stars and stripes! Iced champagne with snails! Such things has America brought to Paris.

There is always a new generation discovering the world of amusement, enjoying it, and passing on to other things. It is delightful to find someone like Mr. Nevill, whose appetite and gusto for pleasure remain unchanged, and who carries, therefore, something of the sanities of youth into the dull regions of the middle aged and responsible. There is something noble about his love of privilege and hatred of restriction, in his frank and serious praise of feasting and gambling and all the foolish things that lie on the sandy edge of the eternal shores. So many of us have turned away from the advancing tide (and they have been spring tides lately) that Mr. Nevill is left almost alone, but still triumphantly holding his own amid the surrounding waters, waving his spade at once in exultation and defiance. May the tide turn, and the waters abate, before his fortress is quite overtopped!

"SCENES"

By JAMES AGATE

THE programme at the Globe Theatre, following a not unusual custom, styles Mr. Michael Morton's 'Woman to Woman' "an original play." Throughout the greater part of the first act I found myself wondering whether Mr. Morton was really going to discover to us a new way of looking at familiar facts, or whether, after the manner of so many original playwrights, he would merely disclose a new way of being untrue to life. It was quite promising that there appeared to be nothing very original in his bricks and mortar. A play about Red Indians or the Einstein Theory will look as though it were carved out of original thought when in reality it is only the commonplace in a different suit of clothes. Mr. Morton, however, plumps for the most familiar material. There is Deloryse, the little miss changed in the twinkling of an eye into a great dancer. There is her married lover whom we shall presently unmask. There is his wife, and we can forecast, without distressing the imagination, the moment when the two women meet. And if we are not very stupid we shall know all about that last scene—'A Corner of a Garden in France. After Many Years.' Autumnal this, the theme of "And if thou wilt, remember, And if thou wilt, forget," *musique de Massenet*. It may be, too, that we are in for one of those clever demises which contrive to be at once lingering and catastrophic. There is some talk of heart disease.

And then we hit upon the child. Here I will say at once that the little fellow put me in a quandary. Let precocity appear upon the stage and I am resolutely *distracted*. All juvenile prodigies, from the tiny ball of humanity tossed up on the feet of the Japanese tumbler down to Jackie Coogan, are so many pathetic little monstrosities. They make me uncomfortable, shaming my elder wit. In saying this I offer my apologies to Miss Italia Conti, whose training of stage-children amounts almost to genius. I shall never forget the little mite who, in 'The Betrothal,' buried her curls in Miss Cooper's lap. In the present play little David had only to pout once for me to realise that he knew ten times more about tears than his mother. Yet I declare firmly, and on principle, that it had been better for my happiness if the whole race of infant phenomena had never been born. Since, however, it looked as though the originality of the play must centre round the boy, if it was to centre round anybody or anything at all, one determines to make the best of him. And indeed the little fellow behaved very well, being as little seen and heard as could reasonably be asked.

With his advent it began to be made plain to us that the characters in this play were to take no thought to themselves, or very little; their pre-occupation being with the future of little David. Mr. Arthur Wontner presented in Anson-Pond a type of British officer familiar during the Great Emergency, a member of one of the distinguished professions, loth to part with his civilian personality, and carrying it in his haversack as the Italian clown in 'The League of Nations' bore in his carpet bag his little confrère. A Major by the cut of him, never off parade, unpopular with his men, his Colonel's *âme damnée*, an Adjutant if the truth were known, stiff-necked, Arthurian. Or almost Arthurian. For being in Paris on leave from the Front he decided that for once he might as well eat, drink and be merry, taking to cheer him the little dancer who, later, was to become the "great" Deloryse. But this light lover—and it was difficult to accept Mr. Morton's story of the Paris leave in face of the awful probity of Mr. Wontner's collar and cuffs—nursed a passion in life which was more Shavian than Arthurian, the passion we know as the life-force, the hunger for a child. We were told, too, that Mrs. Anson-Pond, for reasons unexplained, had steadily refused to share that passion. The father claims his child. Deloryse, in view of impending heart-disease and the apparent absence in this country of any legal device for securing the material welfare of an illegitimate child, is quite willing to surrender him. Not unnaturally the wife, hard as granite in Miss Henrietta Watson's portrayal, refuses to have anything to do with the child of another woman. For a good two acts the two women and the man stand their ground, Mrs. Anson-Pond giving in at the end lest her husband abandon her for Deloryse. But we feel that her acceptance is the price, not of her husband's esteem, but of avoidance of the Divorce Court.

It will be readily imagined that the end is not attained without emotional disturbances. But these, alas, take the form of what I believe the servants' hall calls "scenes." They lack both logic and truth. When the wife challenges her husband with the question, "If the case were reversed, would you take my child?" the logical answer must begin, "If I had denied your right to motherhood," to be concluded as the dramatist shall think fit. Instead, the husband rides off upon sentimentalities as to the difference between the sexes. Truth is reached once with the mother's tirade, "What is it you call illegitimacy? Hath not my son eyes, hands, etc.?" But the issue is not pursued and the play goes down in a welter of decencies.

We were never for one moment persuaded that the mother would in the circumstances have given up her child. Equally inconceivable was it that the wife would accept. The crux of the play should have been what, in this *impasse*, the husband would have done. Would he have sacrificed his career? In that case the play is

'The New Machiavelli' all over again; but Anson-Pond, I must think, was not of that mould. Originality, you see, is very dangerous handling, and the playwright weaves a tangled web indeed when he begins to practise upon truth without following her whither-soever she leads. When a serious theme peters out in unreality one turns to technique and treatment. And when these prove faulty and commonplace one withdraws one's attention and thinks of something else. I turned with pleasure from the contemplation of these women's squabbles to recollections of an older model, the scene in 'La Cousine Bette' between Adeline, the wife of Hulot, and the singer, Josépha. "Ce fut entre ces deux femmes un jeu muet d'une horrible éloquence." But the tension here is moral, whilst in Mr. Morton's scenes there is no tension, only angry talk, which is quite another matter. His debaters lack style; neither perceives the worth of her opponent. Mrs. Anson-Pond did not, like the Baroness, recognise in her husband's mistress the calibre of the artist. Deloryse could not attain to the magnificent humility of a Josépha, for the reason that throughout the play she had never risen above insignificance. The two just "set about" each other with the relish of common minds.

I cannot believe that the author is well-served by Miss Wilette Kershaw. Deloryse is a part for the rampageous technician. What havoc had not Sarah made with that heart-disease, that meeting with the returning lover—"David, ce n'est pas possible . . . etc."—the surrender of the child, the old stop on the sentimental organ marked "Abnégation"! These things are at present beyond Miss Kershaw's scope, and artless prattle which would suffice for young ladies with Robertsonian milk jugs will not hold this play together. Would that Miss Conti had been invited to impart to Deloryse some of the authenticity of the child.

MAX AND THE P.R.B.

By C. LEWIS HIND

PERHAPS the younger generations miss the joy and laughter that we, their elders, find in Mr. Max Beerbohm's drawings of 'Rossetti and His Friends' at the Leicester Galleries; perhaps the younger generations have not time to be vicariously interested in the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Those great Victorian figures, rather tiresome at times, have suddenly become, as by a miracle, alive again through Max's sympathetic satires, decorated with a little colour.

Holman Hunt's ponderous book on the Brotherhood is out of print, the quarrels as to the identity of the real pioneer and chief of the band have died down. It is seventy odd years since 'The Carpenter's Shop' was exhibited and derided; now it is bought for the nation for £10,000. Truly, at last, Pre-Raphaelitism seemed to have entered into its honoured rest, and to have reached that stage when it is *chic* to revive this past thing, and once more to view nature in the sincere, simple way of those great Victorian revolvers (see certain ultra-modern works, and 'Very Early Morning: Spring,' by Allan Gwynne-Jones, a 1921 Pre-Raphaelite picture, and perhaps the best landscape of the year). Honoured rest? I had counted without Mr. Max Beerbohm. His imagination has drifted back to the great Victorians, mostly bearded and big-brained, who thought, in their final way, that they were the pioneers of the millenium; and the result is this series of drawings of Rossetti and his friends—these sympathetic satires, half love, half laughter, with now and then a scratch from the velvet paw, which does not actually hurt, but which, you know—. How like Max to find this delicate avenue of escape from the tension of the war. He may have said to himself: "When people return to sanity these drawings will make them laugh. That will be good, and I shall be far away in Italy."

Laughter ripples at the Leicester Galleries. And

when, looking at 'A Momentary Vision that once befell young Millais,' I said, "I must buy that"; and when a friend looking at 'Algernon Swinburne taking his great new friend Gosse to see a Gabriel Rossetti," said, "I must buy that," we sought one of the attendants and asked the price of these two spotlights in history. He smiled mysteriously and said, "They have just been sold *en bloc*." "To a Museum, I hope," said I. He smiled more mysteriously.

These satires are history, the Lytton Strachey variety, but seen instantly not in a chapter. Take, as an example, 'A Momentary Vision that Once Befell Young Millais.' All who have written on the Pre-Raphaelite movement have composed endless paragraphs on the contrast between the work Millais did in his wonderful youth, when he was seeing Rossetti and Holman Hunt daily, and what he did long afterwards when he was a popular Royal Academician, the richest painter of the day, titled, with a place in Scotland, which included a salmon river. Max states it all in a flash. Young Millais, tall, gracious, with early Christian eyes and still trailing clouds of glory, is painting a Pre-Raphaelite figure intently and intensely when, suddenly, palette and brushes fall to the ground: he starts, for he sees a vision of himself, say sixty years hence, seated in a chair, garbed in the sports costume of a well-to-do and popular English Squire, and upon his knickerbockered-knee sits 'Cherry-ripe.'

And what a world of meaning there is in the drawing of the two unrepentant heavy fathers of Victorian art entitled 'Ford Madox Brown being patronised by Holman Hunt.' All the inherent "goodness" of Ford Madox Brown is needed to prevent him spurning the kindly condescension of the painter of 'The Light of the World.' And would not the late Benjamin Jowett, when he was inspecting the Mural Paintings at the Oxford Union, like to have chirped, "And what were they going to do with the Grail when they found it, Mr. Rossetti?" Does not this go right to the root of the matter? And 'Rossetti's Courtship'? It is all there.

Yes, these satires are history, penetrating, not unkind, but with a touch of malice that even the worthiest people permit themselves occasionally to enjoy. O that it were possible to study the face of the author of 'Never The Time and The Place' on seeing our Max's drawing of 'Mr. Browning brings a lady of rank and fashion (with a bustle) to see Mr. Rossetti'!

Since visiting this exhibition I, for one, have been dwelling in the days when these great Victorians stalked the stage, and wondering if half a century or so hence we shall be able to make such a showing. Obviously there is no more virtue in painting the fact, which is Pre-Raphaelitism, than in painting the effect, which is Impressionism, or the fourth dimensional significance which is Post Impressionism. These, and all movements, stand or fall by the vision and craftsmanship of the individuals who formulate them. The idea of Pre-Raphaelitism happened to attract a group of three outstanding men—Rossetti, Millais and Holman Hunt, who were friends, and who evolved the idea in daily talks. And there was a fourth (the lesser men may be disregarded), Ford Madox Brown, who was never a member of the Brotherhood, but who, at heart, was more Pre-Raphaelite than any of them except Holman Hunt. Is there a more characteristic P.R.B. picture than his 'Work'? It stands with Holman Hunt's 'Hireling Shepherd' done when he was twenty-four, and Millais's 'Carpenter's Shop,' painted when he was twenty. Wonderful youths!

A year or two and Rossetti tired of the game. He was not a fighter; he lived in his dreams. At the end of five years Millais, never a P.R.B. at heart, slipped off into popularity. He was still to paint great pictures, but, as Max shows us, the vision of

'Cherry-ripe' and the salmon river were alluring him. But Holman Hunt never changed. He was P.R.B. to the end, a magnificent life of eighty-three years. He is my favourite for the P.R.B. stakes, and a good second is Ford Madox Brown, after death, as during life, quite aware that there is something of patronage in the grasp of Holman Hunt's hand upon his shoulder.

As Max paces the white roads of Rapallo does he, I wonder, ever say to himself, "Which am I, writer or artist"? He has not the great artistry, the eloquence of line of Forain; he has not the vehement feeling of Raemakers; but they have not the complete fusion of the artistic and literary motives that make Max's satires so lasting a joy. He is himself; he creates laughter, retelling history without tears. Can a man, in this muddled world, employ himself better?

THE AUDIENCE AT THE PROMENADES

IT is wrong to suppose that the musical taste of the public is entirely shaped by those who cater for it. The public also has something to say in the matter, and, in the long run, shows its likes and dislikes in a manner that only an unusually obtuse or obstinate musical showman can afford to misinterpret. Where regular annual entertainments are concerned—the Promenade Concerts for instance—there is little danger of a policy with which habitués are not in perfect agreement. Sir Henry Wood and Mr. Robert Newman have kept their fingers so long and so intelligently upon the pulse of their audiences that they know exactly what course to steer, how long to maintain it, and whither to turn when they change it. It was by mutual understanding as much as natural instinct that they slackened the pace this year; the tendency towards "advanced" music has been a shade too rapid. But there has been no retrograde movement. The programmes reveal the customary spirit of progress and the orchestral performances are on the whole finer because less time is wasted at rehearsal upon excessively complex and difficult novelties.

The necessity for modification, though quickly perceived, might not have been so promptly acted upon but for a new factor in the situation that is not generally known. The expenses of the Promenade Concert season at Queen's Hall in 1920, thanks to the higher cost of things all round, suddenly went up by no less than £3,000, a rise without precedent in the history of the undertaking. Something, therefore, had to be done. The only counterbalance to such an increase on the debit side would be a consistent record of maximum receipts. Would the public respond? Happily I have it on the best authority—the public has done its duty handsomely; such a sequence of "houses sold out" has not been experienced at Queen's Hall before. Knowing nothing of underlying reasons, the ever-growing mass of music-lovers has simply been cognizant of a better choice, a better opportunity to hear the kind (or various kinds) of music that it wants to hear, and has been making the most of it. So that a sensible demand for the right thing has in this instance served a doubly beneficial purpose.

Until last week I had not been to the Promenades on a Saturday for many years. I went chiefly with a view to studying the Saturday night audience, and I was struck anew with a sense of its good training compared with many other audiences, and its extreme correctness of demeanour. When Sir Henry Wood came upon the platform and made his way to the lofty rostrum that lifts him, physically at least, above the level of all his compeers at Queen's Hall, he was greeted with a round of that hearty, spontaneous applause which plainly betokens the solid bond of personal affection and esteem. The hall was already crowded in every part, and the few free seats fringing the walls round the Promenade were monopolised by a hundred or so of patient enthusiasts who had been waiting at the doors since 4.30 p.m. for the privilege of

occupying them. The remainder of the "promenaders" (who do not promenade) either stood the whole evening, or, if they were lucky, squatted upon the rows of hot-water pipes in the surrounding corridor and listened to the concert from there. But, from basement to balcony, what a quiet, earnest, absorbed, understanding audience it was! How intently it listened to everything amid a pin-drop silence, never applauding till the right moment, and then only for so long as the merit of the work or the performance or the compliment of a recall might fairly justify. An encore? Wholly out of the question, at any rate in the first part; and after that it never signifies much. At the Promenades the oldest and most detestable of concert nuisances has practically ceased to exist.

The programme was ostensibly a "popular" one, but how utterly unlike in character to the "Popular Saturday Night Selection" of bygone times could only be thoroughly appreciated by those able to recall the Covent Garden "Proms" of the 'eighties, with Howard Reynolds's cornet solo and the glittering martial pomp and blare of the 'British Army Quadrilles.' True, there were even then Classical and Wagner nights; but neither Sir Arthur Sullivan nor Sir Frederic Cowen would have dared to proffer a Saturday selection such as Sir Henry Wood provided on this occasion. The popping of corks, the striking of matches, the din of distant chatter, formerly associated with the busiest night of the week, would have fitted ill with the 'Euryanthe' overture, the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' the ballet-music from Massenet's 'Le Cid,' or Mr. Cyril Scott's arrangement for orchestra of his 'Two Passacaglias.' It was good not only to find pieces like these listened to with concentrated attention, but played with such infinite care; for it is one of Sir Henry Wood's shining attributes that he will take as much pains over the preparation of a familiar classic as of an exacting modern trifle. There was not a suspicion of slipshod playing about any of these pieces. It is true that to the amazing technical ability of a modern orchestra they present less than no difficulty; so far as instrumental technique goes, they are the very A. B. C. of music. But just for that very reason it is easy to perform them with a kind of undistinguished perfection, which is spiritually more dreary than the slipshod. Sir Henry and his men still play them with loving care.

But an even greater surprise was the presence in such a scheme of Glazounov's violin concerto, a clever example of the orthodox Russian school dating back to 1905. Not that it is a particularly hard nut to crack for those who listen, although a somewhat difficult work to execute with smoothness and facile grace. But this concerto is only just becoming known here, and a dozen years back would probably have aroused no more than icy indifference in a Saturday crowd. Now, as performed with a fine combination of brilliancy, subtle contrast, and delicate charm by Miss Isolde Menges, and exceedingly well accompanied by Sir Henry Wood (who is at his best when engaged on this sort of task), it proved quite irresistible and evoked the warmest ovation of the evening. I certainly cared less for the Glazounov as played earlier in the year by Kochanski and Melsa; it needs a violinist with the temperament, the broad sweep of the bowing-arm, the elegance and easy grace in *arpeggiando* passages that Miss Menges possesses. Thus interpreted, the symmetry and melodic beauty of the work are brought into very clear relief.

A couple of operatic airs figured in the first part; the customary instalment of ballads in the second. The latter excited but a limited amount of interest, and deserved their fate. On the other hand, the audience took palpable pleasure in hearing Mr. Ben Davies sing the 'Flower' song from 'Carmen,' and recalled Miss Dorothy Webster after a rather monotonous rendering of 'Amour, viens aider,' from 'Samson and Dalila.' This last was sung in English, although only the French words were printed in the programme.

K.

Correspondence

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION—II

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

ANYONE who has attended the British Association in the past must have discovered in the Edinburgh meeting, which has just concluded, a factor differentiating it from other meetings. Neither a record in attendance nor an intellectually high standard in the majority of papers is the true reason for this difference, although they may each be contributory. Rather is it the general theme which has run through the whole of the Edinburgh discussions; a theme which is nothing less than the realisation (one might almost call it the persistent realisation) that science is at the present time at the parting of the ways. In other words science is on the verge of a new era. To the inner circle of scientists, it is not altogether strange news that the Edinburgh meeting proclaims, but rather the first official endorsement of rumours from many quarters. It is difficult enough to locate precisely and definitely the point of application of any new movement or reform, whether social or religious; political or industrial. Yet the prestige of the British Association may be considered as effective in focussing the new era to a sharp image.

Undoubtedly, the war impetus has had a profound effect on the advancement of science. With the whole nation, politically and industrially, as one might say, kneeling at the footstool of science, who could doubt but that science would take a new turn? But this new era which we predict is the natural outcome of the past fifty years of scientific adventure, rather than the direct outcome of a barbarous warfare. We have been passing through a stage in the history of science comparable only with the renaissance of the middle ages. The new era in science is indissolubly associated with those great conquests made in recent years in attacking the problem of the ultimate structure of matter. "That superlatively grand question—the inner mechanism of the atom" has been a subject of speculation from very early times. The last 50 years, a period marked at one end by the researches of Lord Kelvin and at the other end by men such as J. J. Thomson, W. J. and W. H. Bragg, and Irving Langmuir, has witnessed a steady, if sometimes disappointing progress towards a solution of this problem. Before the British Association again meets for its annual deliberations the foundations of science may have undergone a fundamental development. I venture to think that this may not be too rash a prediction. Already in the theory of relativity we see the ways parted—and the incomplete ideas of Newton giving way to the all-embracing relativity theory of Einstein. The new attack is on the atom. Chemists of the older school who once resented the intrusion of the physicists have shown signs of being less hostile. They have, through the kindly words of the President of Section B, rather warmly welcomed the physicists to a joint discussion on the structure of molecules. Starting from three postulates, Dr. Irving Langmuir had worked out before this joint meeting the consequences and results of his theory, which seemed to be generally accepted as the most promising of many theories put forward for some years. The very thoughtful remarks of Dr. Langmuir, his easy style of exposition, together with a chairman with a delightful sense of humour, mitigated the physical discomfort of a very crowded lecture-room.

But there are other signs that science is coming into its own. Recent years have witnessed the setting up of the National Physical Laboratory and other institutions for research, under the direction and control of the Government. Whatever has been

written concerning the Government control of industry, does not apply to scientific research. The research worker, the man who does more for science than any other man, is beginning to realise that research work depends for its very existence on the purse of the nation. He knows, too, that the best results are obtained when science is pursued untrammelled by the marketing value which is all that industry can offer. The case has been put forward very strongly by Sir Richard Gregory at Edinburgh in an appeal to scientific workers not to neglect their duties as citizens and to make their influence felt locally in all reforms for the improvement of mankind. The squalid surroundings in which many still live are not attuned to the pace of the march of scientific progress. A general apathy towards science on the part of the ordinary public may not altogether be traced to the fact that science has not been presented in a palatable form.

The Edinburgh discussions may be conveniently considered as divided into three types, according to their scope, namely: (1) contributions to pure science; (2) popular lectures; (3) contributions with a broad industrial application. The first type were highly technical, and as such were contributions to pure science, but there was generally an "overlap" into the region of another department of science. It is to the great credit of the Association that the subjects were chosen with evident care and vision. In particular may be mentioned the discussion of molecules and the paper by Mr. G. C. Darwin on the Quantum Theory, the experimental search after Planck's universal constant of nature. That the opening papers were usually too lengthy and the discussion which followed too short will, I think, be generally admitted. Certainly there were many occasions on which the chairman should have paid some regard to the printed time-table and cut short a long-drawn-out discussion. The human ear will not listen attentively from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., or, as sometimes happened, 1.30 p.m.

The second class of papers was of more general interest. Relativity when explained by Professor Eddington lost much of its apparent difficulty—for the moment. Professor Eddington is the one man in this country who has done more than any other Englishman to "popularise" the theories of Einstein. His unassuming, rather quiet lecturing manner, and the well-chosen diagrams to illustrate the chief points in his lecture, won the sympathy of a crowded audience. It was significant that Sir Oliver Lodge seconded the vote of thanks proposed to Professor Eddington and incidentally took the opportunity of expressing his own views on the subject matter over which the lecturer had passed. Another of these lucid lectures, intended for the non-specialist, was that of Professor Inglis, who lectured on "A Comparison of the Forth and Quebec Bridges, showing the evolution of cantilever bridge construction during the past 30 years." The writer will remember this lecture as one of the happiest recollections of the Edinburgh meeting. Although the lecturer did not use notes his choice of words was excellent, and to his illustrations one can give nothing but praise. He dealt with the workmanship and the economics of the question and gave us something positive to take away. The "origin of the Scottish people"—a much more controversial topic—was no doubt intended for a general public with a large sprinkling of local followers.

The third class of paper presented was that which had a direct contact with industry, and as an example of the more useful discussions we may quote the practical scheme put forward for constructing a mid-Scotland canal, the use of Scottish fir for aeroplanes, and various papers in the Economics Section dealing with wage questions and the taxable capacity of the country.

A critical analysis of those attending the meeting reveals three groups. There were the leaders of science, the "inner circle" of the British Association and distinguished visitors; younger scientists engaged on research; and what, for want of a better term, may be called the excursionists, who for the most part enjoyed excellent weather. One can hardly understand a member's motive in joining a party visiting the engineering laboratories of the Heriot-Watt Technical College. It may have struck the Professor of Engineering as rather amusing to have to explain the difference between voltage and ampèreage to a member of the British Association. One can only conclude that this member was not a specialist in the Engineering Section, but one wonders which section he really belonged to. One or two events in the meeting are not above criticism. It was rather bewildering (and positively disappointing) to attend a meeting on the "causes of cyclones" and to find the lecturer discussing phenomena which did not cause cyclones. A somewhat curt introduction to the effect that a theory he had devised some few weeks before the meeting was found unworkable, did not put matters much better. Further concentration and punctuality to time-table arrangements would also appear desirable. As usual, Section A (Mathematical Physics Section) was strong in numbers and overcrowding was unavoidable. One regrettable incident occurs to the writer—in the reference to poison-gas warfare in the President's opening address. The basis of the argument is surely to abolish all warfare, rather than particular weapons of warfare, and this seems to be the province of the politician rather than the scientist. "The worst enemy of man is Nature ignored or misunderstood; his best friend Nature studied and controlled"—these words quoted from the Presidential address to the Chemistry Section may not be without their significance in this direction.

Letters to the Editor

"THE ARTS OF WAR AND PEACE"

[To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW]

SIR,—The statements published by the *Gazette de Lausanne* are exaggerated. As an ex-"I" officer employed on the two Eastern fronts during and after the war, I may add that the few individuals whom Karidis took with him were mostly "gunshy" persons who feared for their skins. The Greek local commanders and the Greek Central Government dealt very rigorously with certain persons who were in touch with Karidis—shooting some and imprisoning others. Karidis may have told the German High Command that he was in touch with all sorts of important Greeks. My experience of political deserters from the Turkish Army—and I have met a good few—was that they all claimed to be in touch with the Highest in the Land and to have invaluable schemes for ending the war, when all they really wanted was a quiet life in a P.O.W. camp. I should recommend Mr. Dixon-Johnson to get hold of the British staff reports as to the work of the Seres, Cretan, Archipelago and Athens divisions at Skra, Grand Couronné, Doiran and other engagements in 1918.

As to the figures for Christians killed in massacres since the Armistice I should recommend Mr. Dixon-Johnson to get into touch with:

1. The members of the Lord Mayor's Fund Committee and the American Commission for Relief in the Near East as regards Cilicia and ex-Russian Armenia respectively.
2. French official reports and British F.O. reports with regard to Marash and Hajin. If Mr. Dixon-Johnson takes such an interest in Near Eastern affairs he should be able to see these.

3. A report made by a British liaison officer with the Greeks on the killing, often by torture, of the inhabitants of Nicaea by Kemalists (Sept., Oct., 1920).
4. Reports of the "Greco-Armenian Section" of H.B.M.'s High Commission at Constantinople.

Whatever be said of Smyrna, the Yalova massacres were not unprovoked. Last summer (1920) hundreds of Greek and Armenian villagers came in to Constantinople from the Nicaea, Yalova and Karamursul hinterlands, including a good few wounded, some women, flying from the Kemalist irregulars and villagers. The smoke of their burning villages was very plainly seen. These irregulars and armed Kemalist villagers repeated their incursion this spring. The Greeks then armed the Greek villagers, who indulged in ferocious reprisals—horrible but not "unprovoked."

As for the statement that Christian women walk while their men ride, and that the contrary is the case with the Turks, I can only say that Mr. Dixon-Johnson seems to be indulging in a generalisation of the same class as "the French eat frogs and wear wooden shoes," or "Englishwomen have big teeth and large feet," and the like. I speak from experience, having lived, for my sins, in the Near East since 1903.

Yours, etc.,

PERA.

ANOTHER COAL CRISIS

[To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW]

SIR,—In an article under the above heading you discussed in your last issue the possibility of further trouble in the coal mining industry, and I would, with your permission, supplement your observations by certain facts which seem to me of the highest interest and importance.

The United States and Germany produce almost three-fourths of the world's coal. Coal prices in these two countries are therefore of the greatest importance, and it may be said without exaggeration that Germany and America regulate the world price of the mineral. It is not easy to compare coal prices in England, Germany and the United States because qualities and classifications differ. Still, it is worth pointing out the ominous fact that both in Germany and in the United States vast quantities of excellent non-anthracite coal are currently sold at less than 15s. per ton in English money. The bulk of ordinary coal used for industrial purposes and on the railways is sold both in the United States and in Germany at prices which range from 12s. 6d. per ton to 15s. In both countries anthracite is dearer than ordinary coal and is sold at £1 per ton and more. On the other hand, inferior but very useful coal can be obtained both in the United States and in Germany at 10s., 11s. and 12s. per ton.

Coal sets every wheel in this country in motion, for electrical power derived from waterfalls is too insignificant to be taken into consideration, and oil is of very little importance. It stands to reason that this country will be ruined should it have permanently to pay three times as much for coal as its most formidable competitors. England's pre-eminence in manufacturing and commerce was created during the period when she had a super-abundance of cheap coal. In the time of Richard Cobden, when industrial and commercial England dominated the world, this country produced two-thirds of the world's coal. The problem of providing cheap coal for industry and commerce is even more important, in my opinion, than the problem of Ireland or the financial problem, for most political problems, and financial ones as well, will be solved with the return of general prosperity and the expansion of trade and industry. British coal prices must come down to, or near to, the German-American level. Otherwise England is lost. Coal owners, miners, and the government, should do everything in their power to bring coal down to a reasonable level. Before all, the deluded miners should be taught that their policy of

restricting output is ruinous to the country and to themselves. The doubling of output per worker would approximately halve the price of coal and would enable hundreds of thousands of miners to find a more congenial occupation above ground.

Yours, etc.,

J. ELLIS BARKER.

Albion Lodge, Fortis Green, N.2.

WORN-OUT HORSE TRAFFIC

[To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW]

SIR,—Permit me to correct certain mistakes in the letter from the British Consul at Antwerp, sent to the Press by the Ministry of Agriculture. The Inspector sent by the Ministry of Agriculture to Antwerp last February reports that 90 per cent. of the English horses exported to Antwerp are slaughtered. (White paper.) The Consul writes, "All the horses shipped across to Antwerp are sold for work." Official statistics show that on one day and in one ship in 1920, 110 horses reached Antwerp from Goole in a heap of dead and fatally injured. Fifty were dead and sixty had to be killed on arrival. The British Consul, from "statistics supplied by him" reports that the total number of deaths during the journey between England and Antwerp in 1920 was 55.—25 from Goole. He gives the total number slaughtered on arrival as 28.—12 from Goole. The British Consul, who has never met or followed the horses, says that they are "satisfactorily fed and watered at the quarantine stables." We who have frequently met and followed them declare that the ration of hay is wholly insufficient and the water-troughs often dry, or with about an inch of water in them. The ration of hay is given in two halves; and most of the horses are sold before the second half is due. About 5 lbs. of hay is all that many horses get before starting for their place of slaughter. A day or more later you may see the famished old beasts driven along country roads, or waiting in the slaughter-house stables for the hammer or the knife that ends their sufferings.

The humane killer has been used only since my visit to Borgerhout last February, and at my pleading for that measure of mercy. At Antwerp and Ghent I have pleaded in vain. It seems to me extraordinary that the Ministry of Agriculture should publish a letter that contradicts their own Inspector's Report. I take it for granted that the Consul is not ignorant of the fact that the traffic is a winter traffic and that a report based on present conditions would be misleading.

Since my arrival in Belgium I have learned that Belgium cannot accept dressed carcasses of horses, i.e., without head, trachea, and lungs attached, till the law has been changed. Also that Belgium has no present intention of changing the law. They are a thrifty people and know the value of the live horse and its by-products. That is no reason why we should throw away these profits, and our reputation for humanity with them.

Yours, etc.,

A. M. F. COLE.

124, Rue Hôtel des Monnaies, Brussels.

HOUDON'S WASHINGTON

[To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW]

SIR,—To the reasons given by Mr. J. M. Hamilton for the removal of the Washington statue in Trafalgar Square, I wish to add that it is unseemly that a statue should be raised in a public place in England, and partly at the public expense, to a man who was a successful rebel against the Crown, the slayer of thousands of our soldiers, the harsh executioner of Major André, and the cause of ruin to a great number of loyalists.

The feelings of many English people have been deeply wounded by the raising of memorials to George Washington in St. Paul's Cathedral and Trafalgar Square, both places associated, moreover, with Nelson.

A bad feature of the business is the silence of the Press on the matter, although some papers received many letters of protest. Instead of being organs for the expression of public opinion, the newspapers of London have been agents for its suppression. So far as I have noticed the SATURDAY REVIEW is the only periodical that has inserted any letter raising any kind of objection to the memorial.

As Mr. Hamilton points out, the statue is badly placed and has the appearance of a cheeky person who has invaded tall and august company and is looking up perkily before beating an abashed retreat. It cannot add to American dignity, but, in fact, puts that nation in a ridiculous light.

I should be pleased to join with others in protesting against this outrage upon our national feeling.

Yours, etc.,

C. L. HALES.

1a, Middle Temple Lane, E.C.4.

SMALL-POX

[To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW]

SIR,—I have only just seen the letter from Mr. Morse Taylor. Would he explain how it is that the unvaccinated at Glasgow died at the rate of 37 per cent. while in pre-vaccinated times when all were unvaccinated the average smallpox fatality rate was 18 per cent? Are doctors and nurses nowadays less skilful when they nurse the unvaccinated, or it is not more probable that the unvaccinated class is a special one, comprised mainly of those too weak for vaccination, the extremely neglected, and the very young? If this class were attacked by any other zymotic disease the fatality rate would be higher than in the more favoured, older, and generally healthier class.

Yours, etc.,

L. LOAT.

Secretary,

The National Anti-Vaccination League.

25 Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road,
London, S.W.1.

THE TERMINATION "ARD"

[To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW]

SIR,—Can any of your readers give me information as to the derivation of the termination "ard," as implying a practiser or exponent of the action or quality described in the first half of the word? The obvious transference from the French does not carry one very far. "Drunkard," "dotard," etc., are simple; but what about "placard," "Spaniard," and other words to which the above explanation does not seem to apply? Is there any other word we use descriptive of nationality corresponding to "Spaniard"? And if not, why should natives of Spain be selected for exclusive description by this, apparently, slightly contemptuous termination? Perhaps some of your readers can quote another example; but I confess I cannot think of one.

Yours, etc.,

ARTHUR NELSON.

Ilfracombe.

THE HOME SECRETARY AND MR. WEISZ

[To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW]

SIR,—In your issue of the 10th inst. you had an article by Mr. Filson Young on the Home Secretary and Mr. Weisz. I have known Mr. Weisz and done business with him for the past 15 or 16 years, and thoroughly endorse all the writer says on his behalf. I am very glad you have lent your powerful paper to enlist sympathy for him, which I sincerely trust will be successful.

Yours, etc.,

A. G. CHALKE.

46, Maddox Street, New Bond Street,
London, W.1.

Reviews

A SERENE CRITIC.

More Essays on Books. By A. Clutton-Brock. Methuen. 6s. net.

IN the brief preface to his new essays, Mr. Clutton-Brock says that the critics of his earlier series charged him with "optimism." He does not rebut the charge. But the expression optimistic hardly seems to us to meet his case, because an optimist is a man who always expects and determines to find the best of everything. Mr. Clutton-Brock, in approaching a literary theme, does not seem to form any such determination, but his peculiarly happy temperament leads him to what is best, as instinct leads the bee to a honeyed flower. He cannot help being pleased with whatever is pleasurable, and in this he differs from almost all the other critics of the younger school, who dwell on imperfections and grow angry with faults which often simply exist in their own unappreciative temperament. Mr. Clutton-Brock never starts with an expectation of finding Tennyson's poetry or Ingres's painting detestable; he approaches everything in art with a strong desire to enjoy, and he is always rewarded. This is not to say that he does not apply to such works criteria of taste, for he is singularly instructed; but he avoids the most serious fault in criticism by considering poets and painters as individuals, and by not permitting himself to exclude whole groups of past workers because they did not accept certain views which appeal to their successors.

It would be rash to assert that Mr. Clutton-Brock is infallible in all his judgments, but he starts, at least, in a much more favourable condition than the critic who is purely bent on destruction. He has the tremendous advantage given by the power of enjoyment, a gift which seems to have been omitted, to a melancholy degree, in the composition of too many writers on the arts of to-day. If the critic sets forth with the intention of finding out why, thirty or three hundred years ago, a certain æsthetic product was intensely appreciated, though not at all appreciated to-day, he is on the way to discover beauties and reconstruct elements of enjoyment which lie outside the range of the man whose only object is to cover these fallen deities with the dust of disdain. Mr. Clutton-Brock has a faculty of extreme benevolence in his attitude to old books and faded authors, although he can be stern enough in refusing credit to what deserved none when it was measured by the standard of its own day. Of a certain piece of verse written fifty or sixty years ago he says that it reminds him "of the comedian who paints his nose red to show that he is funny and then has nothing funny to say"; but the poem of which he writes so severely was pretentious and silly when judged by the laws of contemporary taste. Of the works of Edgar Poe he says that "the great part of them is rubbish, some of it not even clever," but he gives praise of the most generous and ample kind to certain of Poe's poems, which, by the way, are not those by which he is most widely known.

The benevolence of Mr. Clutton-Brock sometimes, we think, betrays him. He is so scrupulously anxious to take the artist's own point of view, to understand what the revolutionary really means, that he loses a little of his sense of the positive merit of the execution or the idea. He is greatly interested in religious speculation, and this is not, perhaps, the side of his talent which throws on the subject he analyses the steadiest light. One of these essays deals with the attempt which Mr. Wells has made to foist upon us a new God. It is plain that Mr. Clutton-Brock has no confidence in Mr. Wells's capacity to treat a subject of this gravity, which nothing in his earlier training has prepared him for.

But the Idea of God, to the devout and philosophical mind of Mr. Clutton-Brock, is so welcome at all times that he puts away from him any suspicion of Mr. Wells's approaching it in levity or egotism, and he examines this new and strange gospel with respectful gravity. The danger of his system of searching for the best, for those elements to which he can give his approval, is perhaps made patent by two essays on Tolstoi. The first of these, written before the death of the Russian novelist, is an example of the exaggeration of praise which becomes a snare to a critic so avid of enjoyment as Mr. Clutton-Brock. We are told of Tolstoi that "Michelangelo himself had not a higher eminence while he lived nor one more certain not to be abased by time." Everything delights the infatuated critic, even the horrible "Kreutzer Sonata," which is a disgrace to human nature.

The amusing thing is that the death of Tolstoi, and the horrors of the Bolshevik revolution which his theories did so much to encourage, have opened the eyes of Mr. Clutton-Brock to what was incongruous and insane in the novelist's later teaching. A second essay, much lowered in tone, is printed beside the first; the early rapture now precedes a study in which Mr. Clutton-Brock has discovered, and with his unflinching candour admits, that the object of his adoring praise was a dangerous Manichee, that Tolstoi never grasped the fundamental fact that flesh is the necessary medium of spirit, and that his own judgment became so unwholesome that he condemned the very books of his own writing which Mr. Clutton-Brock parallels with the finest things in the world. Perhaps he has read the astounding revelations of Gorki. But it is not possible to avoid remarking that it is desirable to get a certain distance away from a hill before we declare that it is as lofty as Mont Blanc. Tolstoi had a great genius, and 'War and Peace' will always be read with attention, but already the axe is laid at the root of what Mr. Clutton-Brock, writing before the time was ripe, rashly styled his "undisputed greatness."

But Mr. Clutton-Brock's proper sphere is the examination of poetry, where his remarks seldom fail to be apposite and fresh. In the present volume, he is delightful about George Herbert, to whose excellence it was high time that serious attention should again be drawn. He is pleasantly appreciative of Mr. Waley's translations from the Chinese poets, which indeed deserve to be widely known. We are not quite convinced that he is right in declaring that Chinese poetry is more "civilised" than any poetry of Europe, because (and this seems a grotesque reason) it is "more reasonable and nearer to prose." Finally, to breathe a faint note of alarm, we could wish that Mr. Clutton-Brock was not quite so infatuated with the methods of Signor Croce, who threatens to be in literature what Einstein is in science. The Italian theorist is no doubt a very clever man, but it is dangerous to yoke the study of poetry to the waggon of any abstract theology.

THREE NATURALISTS

Wanderings of a Naturalist. By Seton Gordon, F.Z.S. Cassell. 15s. net.*A Philosopher with Nature.* By Benjamin Kidd. Methuen. 6s. net.*Mostly About Trout.* By Sir George Aston. Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.

THREE observers went out to watch the ways of animals in the country places of Britain, not excluding London, which has become of late quite a naturalists' haunt. One of them, Mr. Seton Gordon, armed himself with a camera, and doubtless, though he does not say so, with a notebook and a pencil. He journeyed to the Scottish highlands, the coast of Northumbria, the Aran Islands, and studied chiefly the

bigger and, on the whole, the wilder birds: the storm petrel, the greater black-backed gull, the merlin, and others. From his well-camouflaged hut he took a number of delightful photographs and saw strange dramas. He watched the cock salmon fight on the Dee and has a plausible conjecture of the use of the grappling hook that the male develops at the breeding season. He watched that curmudgeon, the black-backed gull, fight its neighbour, kick its own chick, and suck a sister's eggs. What a theme for a tragic author this bird would supply! A pair, known to the writer of this review, learned no less a feat of highwaymanship than to rob a seal of his food. The moment he showed an inch of skin above the surface the birds flew at him and forced him to dive. Again and again they kept up the attack until in despair he dropped the fish from his mouth and dived from sight. One of the birds pounced on it instantly and the two made off. With what fierce zest this gull will drive his beak into the back of a wounded duck or rob the nest of its nestlings! Mr. Gordon has seen enough, especially of nesting birds, to give us real drama if we want it, or to impart a rare and moving tale of domestic life in the haunts of the greater birds. He is a good naturalist and a good photographer. It is a pity that these attributes are insufficient for the making of a book. One feels a sense of real injury against persons who make the mouth water with their tale of good food to come and then supply it in quite indigestible form. You cannot write a book that is a book—not a "thing in book's clothing"—unless you can use language. Not a chapter in this delightful menu, as judged by the names of the dishes, has enough quality to make us forget the bad cooking. How can anyone who has read, say, Gilbert White or Mr. Hudson, feel anything but a sort of disgust at the very sight of these bulbous sentences, squint-eyed phrases, and inane expressions?

"She picked up a small stone a few yards from the nest, carrying it to beside the latter, where she dropped it." "Formers" and "latters," wandering and divorced participles, nominative absolutes and displaced phrases are so numerous as to give an active distaste for chapters packed with most delightful material. It is curious how much more such lapses displease between the covers of a book than in the columns of a newspaper. What had pleased in a first reading in *The Scotsman* utterly displeased in the book, yet the photographs give the book charm and value; and if one could regard the essays as mere explanations of the illustrations, all would be well.

The second naturalist, Mr. Benjamin Kidd, went forth, or perhaps more often stayed in his study, armed with no other apparatus than a grasp of Herbert Spencer and Charles Darwin. He watched the bee or squirrel, and read of the eel and shelduck, or studied his captive cuckoo, with his mind intent on their contribution to the meaning of evolution. His thoughts were inseparable from his favourite pursuit. The predilection is not more obvious in his best-known books than in this posthumous collection of essays of many dates. But such an absorption has the virtues of its defects. This philosophy gives unity to what would else have been tiresomely disinterested essays, and lends a sort of purpose or intention to every sentence. He makes, as is the way of theorists, many mistakes impossible to such a naturalist, for example, as Mr. Seton Gordon. The chapter on the cuckoo abounds in little mistakes. The female cuckoo often carries off an egg from the nest in which she deposits her egg, and probably never lays her own in the nest. Nor do her eggs resemble the eggs of the foster bird nearly so accurately as is suggested. Again, it is directly untrue to say that sparrows are wholly vegetarian. The young devour quite a large proportion of insects during the first month. Deficiencies of personal observation are fre-

quent; but in spite of such things, there is value in the cumulative argument of the book; and at intervals real charm in the expression. Mr. Kidd started life as a natural observer; and has delightful recollections of youthful excursions into natural history, from the catching of young coot to the flight from bees in his father's garden; and he goes near to inspiration now and again when one of his captive birds or bees rises to the thesis and suggests the emergence of mind from instinct; in short:

—Transcends our wonted themes
and into glory peeps.

Our third naturalist, Sir George Aston, shuffles across the meadow on the first morning of his holiday with waders on his legs and a fishing-rod in his hand. For him "an indefinable charm of peace moves upon the face of running waters." He puts together for us the most modest and brief of the three books, but alone of the three he can give us the taste and smell—the emotion of the country. Whether he writes of butterfly or trout we see the wing or scale flashing in air and water. We

—turn a stone and start a wing.

That is much, though the book makes no great claim. As to fishermen who love to read as well as write of their craft, they will find a certain imagination penetrating the fish's point of view, which is worth a volume of expert advice. The following is admirably said. The fish

see upwards into the air only through a sort of inverted cone with its base on the surface of the water. Beyond the base of the cone comes the "looking glass," in which objects beneath the water show upside-down reflections, like the mirage of the desert, above their own images. Until a dry-fly floats into the window, or base of the cone, the trout can see only the submerged portion, the tackle and perhaps the body of the hook, projecting through the surface of the looking-glass. When the fly comes into the window the whole of it appears in silhouette, against the sky."

His ingenious moral is that a certain upside-down fly, M. Pegoud, is peculiarly effective. It is really very difficult for a fisherman to write without charm.

LAFCADIO HEARN AND THE FAR EAST

Karma and Other Stories and Essays. By Lafcadio Hearn. Harrap. 5s. net.

What Shall I Think of Japan? By George Gleason. Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.

THE revival of literary efforts, which time and the author have conspired to bury in oblivion, is a doubtful enterprise; and the editor's claim that the eight sketches included in this latest Lafcadio Hearn volume "rank with his best work" invites disappointment. The excuse for the appearance of the volume should rather be, first, that even Hearn's second-rate work shows flashes of unquestionable superiority; secondly, that an appreciative public should welcome any opportunity which may redound to the benefit of the widow and children of so distinguished a literary genius. Hearn was at his best in the Essay; in this particular form of self-expression he has no rival. His natural sensibility, guided by French rather than Anglo-Saxon influences, and chastened by the severe canons of Japanese taste, to which all extraneous ornament is an abomination, produced in 'Kokoro' and other works literature of uncommon quality and freshness. But, in this new volume, only one of the contents conforms to the essay style. This is 'The First Muezzin,' a sketch of the life and character of Bilâl, the companion of the Prophet, who first intoned the Mohammedan call to prayer. This sketch, with its delicate phrasing and its wealth of recondite knowledge on such subjects as Arabian music and musicians, is sufficient in itself to recommend the book. The story called 'Karma,' which gives its name to the volume and occupies most space, is an early work of Hearn's and belongs to the pre-Japan period; it is florid and sentimental. It tells how a lady insisted on her lover writing for her benefit a history of his life, embodying everything which he would not wish

her to know. A situation which a little humour would have rendered poignant is ruined by an entire absence of that quality. Even the writing is stilted and absurd. "Viewlessly your being has become slowly interorbed with hers," is shameful; and "to fling a missive into the machinery of Government" instead of simply posting it, is ridiculous.

It is a disappointment, too, to find in a Hearn book so little about Japan, though the volume closes with four minute but delightful Japanese fairy-stories, such as the author loved. A reprint called 'China and the Western World,' written in 1896, is little more than a review of Dr. Pearson's well-known book, 'National Life and Character.' "The future danger from China," says Hearn, "will be industrial, and will begin with the time that she passes under Occidental domination." This was written when the partition of China seemed close at hand. That phase has passed; but the danger, of which Hearn writes, is nearer to us by twenty-five years and by the suicidal war in Europe.

"The War, while leading the West to bankruptcy, has freed Japan," writes Mr. George Gleason in his book entitled 'What Shall I Think of Japan?' Here we can find an outline of the immense changes which the last twenty-five years have produced in the Far East, and can note how Hearn's prophecy advances towards fulfilment. Mr. Gleason is an American, who has been for nineteen years secretary to the Y.M.C.A. in Japan; so his experience of the country is even longer than Hearn's and his opinions are well worth attention, though they are given to us in scrap-book form, and in a style as graceless as that of Hearn is refined. Mr. Gleason is by nature and faith an optimist; but he is seriously concerned by certain aspects of Japan—by the growth of her material strength and the immense potentialities of her position, by her determination to use that strength to make her country greater, by the influence of militarism and the danger of war, by the blunders which military diplomacy has already committed in China and Siberia. "Militarism in Japan," he says, rather arbitrarily, "dates from about 1914." "Will there be war with Japan?" he asks; and his reply is, "For the present, No!"

The book is marred by inadequate statements, and by doubtful generalisations. It is unwarrantably sanguine to state that bribery has been almost entirely eliminated in Government affairs in Japan. At least five major scandals were being investigated at the beginning of this year. But, even when inaccurate, Mr. Gleason has made an honest attempt—and on the whole a successful one—to be neither anti- or pro-Japanese—and, above all, to be up-to-date. The chapters on the Labour Movement in Japan, on Korea and on eminent Japanese Christians are especially interesting; and there are some useful statistics and documents—though, these, too, are incomplete. Thus, the final version (May 25th) of the 1915 Sino-Japanese Treaties and Exchanges of Notes is not given; and the reader is left with the impression that the revised demands of April 26th represent the definite settlement of the question. This is seriously misleading, especially in regard to the important group of Nanchang railway concessions—a demand which was dropped by Japan.

One sentence of Mr. Gleason's, though rather overstated, may well be borne in mind by his fellow-countrymen: "The politicians at Washington, who by their party bickering and selfish narrow Americanism have held up our active functioning in the League of Nations, are of all people in the world responsible for China's plight to-day."

THE EVOLUTION OF THE EMPIRE

War Government of the British Dominions. By A. Berriedale Keith. Milford. 10s. 6d. net.

MR. CHURCHILL'S proposals, published a few days ago, for the reorganisation of the Crown Colonies and Protectorates into groups according to their geographical situation, under High Commis-

sioners, are designed to give these a larger measure of autonomy. They mark another stage in the progress of that constructive Imperialism which during the last three or four years has been so conspicuous a feature of our history. Under the stresses of the war that progress was no doubt greatly accelerated, but the new relationships that have been established within the Empire, as between Great Britain and the Dominions, were really implicit in the old. The process which has brought the Dominions from being, to quote General Smuts, "subject provinces of Great Britain" into occupying a position of "absolute freedom and equality with the other nations of the world," has been one of evolution not revolution, though the swiftness with which in the end the development came about may appear to suggest the stronger word. To tell how this taken place is the main object of Dr. Keith's book—a better title for which would perhaps be 'War Development of the British Dominions.'

Those who are acquainted with Dr. Keith's former works, 'Responsible Government in the Dominions' and 'Imperial Unity and the Dominions,' readily recognise that he is an authority on his subject, and the present volume, which is published by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace as one of an elaborate series dealing with the economic and social history of the war, will add to his reputation. Writing with a thorough mastery of the facts, he has succeeded in carrying out what must have been a complicated and difficult undertaking within the comparatively small compass of a book of 350 pages. It is not a "heavy" book, and is of very general interest in these times of construction and reconstruction. It begins by describing the framework of the government of the Empire before the war, the freedom from Imperial control of the Dominions in their internal affairs, and the necessity for co-operation generally which led to the various Colonial and Imperial Conferences up till 1911. After noting how the declaration of war on Germany by Great Britain committed the Dominions and the whole Empire to the struggle, it goes on to say something of the part played by representatives of the Dominions in the War Cabinet and the Imperial War Conference of 1917.

It was during this Conference that the readjustment of the constitutional arrangements of the Empire was discussed. On April 16 of that year a statement of momentous importance was published by the Conference to the effect that any readjustment, while preserving the existing powers of the Dominions, should be based on the full recognition of the Dominions as autonomous nations of an Imperial Commonwealth, should recognise their right to an adequate voice in foreign policy and in foreign relations, and should provide for their continuous consultation on all important matters of common Imperial concern. At the Imperial War Conference of 1918 great secrecy was observed, but of such of its proceedings as were made public nothing equalled in significance the constitutional declaration of the Conference of the preceding year. It was notable that when the members of the 1918 Conference presented a loyal address to the King they assured him of the determination of the British peoples to maintain the Empire, "while drawing closer within the bonds which tie each part to the rest in a unity of which the Throne is the outward and visible symbol." On this Dr. Keith comments:

There is, it is certain, no possible doubt as to the significance and importance of the Crown as the point of unity in the Empire. The recognition of this aspect of the Throne is of comparatively recent origin, and is a clear indication of the growth of Dominion autonomy. The Dominions have come to claim and be accorded equal status within the Empire, and the sovereign therefore appears to them in a new light, not as part of a dominant Government, but as the symbol of a unity that depends ultimately on sentiment. . . . Nor should it ever be forgotten that the respect commanded by the Crown is largely due to the recognition that the King has accepted with absolute loyalty the restrictions imposed on a constitutional monarch.

After chapters devoted to the economic and military activities of the Dominions in the war, considerable

space is given by Dr. Keith to the share of the Dominions in the Peace negotiations, the place the Dominions were accorded by the Peace Conference, and their position under the Covenant of the League of Nations. The result of the political developments that had been attained was summarised thus by Sir Robert Borden: "For each nation complete control of its own affairs, and for the whole Empire necessary co-operation according to the will of the people, in all matters of common concern." The rest of the book is taken up with observations on the Dominion mandates, Coalition Governments in the Dominions, and constitutional changes in the Dominions themselves. A special chapter discusses the position of India and her relations with the Dominions. There is a very complete bibliography.

A HISTORY OF PERSIA

A History of Persia. By Sir Percy Sykes. Second Edition. 1921. Two Vols. Macmillan. 70s. net.

STUDENTS of men and politics in the Middle East, of the countries which lie on the confines of the British dominions in Asia, and those who are interested in the romance of the few surviving Empires of the East, must be grateful to Sir Percy Sykes for the publication of a revised edition of the 'History of Persia,' which he produced in 1915.

The author's preface to the new edition explains clearly wherein it differs from its predecessor, and the revision of the old matter is sound and praiseworthy. The new matter, which extends the scope of the book up till March of the present year, is full and interesting. It shares the characteristics of the earlier work in that it presents a concise and consecutive record of events, and especially of the events during the Great War, with which the author had a personal and distinguished association. If, however, a suggestion may be made without ungraciousness, it would be that the new matter would have better formed the subject of a separate publication. Contemporary events loom large in the imagination of each one of us, and personal participation in the actions and reactions which characterized a particular locality in the jumble of world events that we conveniently call the Great War, cannot help rather beclouding the objectivity after which every historian must strive in order to be distinguished from a recorder of events. Sir Percy Sykes has, most naturally, been unable to avoid subjectivity in writing the annals since 1915, and this, contrasted with the objectivity of the earlier portion, impairs the balance of the new work as a whole. We should have preferred an avowed account of the doings of Sir Percy Sykes's gallant force and of the other British forces which upheld our name and traditions in Persia during those troublous times—and their deeds were stirring enough to warrant separate treatment—rather than have them grafted on to a history of Persia, for they belong more properly to a history of England. To take an example of the subjectivity to which allusion has been made, Sir Percy Sykes leaves us rather to guess what were the guiding elements of British policy in Persia during this period, and what were the difficulties, apart from the purely military ones, which confronted our authorities there; nor does he make any reference to the unquestionably able manner in which Sir Charles Marling, then British Minister at Tehran, conducted the affairs entrusted to his charge during a prolonged period of stress and trying crises.

This said, Sir Percy Sykes's new work may be heartily recommended as a valuable book of reference for the student of recent events in Persia. He has, perhaps rightly, confined himself in the main to a narrative, or to a personal appreciation of the efficacy or expediency of the measures adopted in any particular emergency, and it is from these gleams that we get a glimpse at the workings of his own mind and his estimate of the Persians and their character. We frankly

regret that the views of a man with such an unrivalled experience of Persia and its inhabitants, and endowed with such obvious gifts of observation, should not have been more fully developed on the psychology of the race whose history he records. It is to such men as Sir Percy Sykes that we look for help in discerning the trends of minds, manners and events, for the formation of a judgment enabling us to peer a little into the future. After reading Sir Percy Sykes's book one has the feeling of knowing what has happened, but one feels that the author has been rather coy about telling us the lessons of the past and lighting our lanterns for the future. In this connexion his last two pages are tantalizing in their suggestiveness and almost exasperating in their inconclusiveness. We hope that one day he will expand them, and open himself out to us more.

UNSCIENTIFIC SCIENCE

The Beloved Ego. Foundations of the New Study of the Psyche. By Dr. W. Stekel. Authorised Translation by Rosalie Gabler. Kegan Paul. 6s. 6d. net.

THIS little work does not afford Dr. Stekel a very auspicious introduction to the English public. The publisher's claim that the book forms an excellent introduction to the study of Psychoanalysis is far from being the fact. There is in it little indication of the processes of psychoanalysis, the author being content with elementary and somewhat superficial descriptions of various types of human beings whose traits are more or less abnormal. Dr. Stekel, who is pleasantly free from the sex obsession of the Freudians, regards a nerve specialist as a physician of the soul. That is all very well; but he is moving too fast. The time has not yet come when a doctor may be considered as the "educator, father-confessor and teacher of humanity."

Dr. Stekel's mistake is in fact that of too many psychologists, who seem to forget that theirs is an exact science demanding close scientific investigation. They try to run before they can walk, and are in consequence frequently falling into error. It is true, as our author says, that analysis is but a "disintegrating, destructive process, which must be followed by a reconstructive building process," but the rebuilding, to be permanent, must be founded upon fact, not air. To change the metaphor, the task of psychologists is that of charting very closely and carefully an almost unknown and unfathomed channel of thought, and when that is done it will be time enough to set sail upon the high seas of philosophical conjecture. The author states in one of the three prefaces to the present volume that his essays are artistically written, avoiding the customary dullness of scientific works, but attractiveness is by itself of little value. It is hardly worth while to challenge his conclusions, because he arrives at them without giving sufficient indication of his method. It is a pity he does not cite a larger number of examples by way of proving his assertions.

Nevertheless, there is enough of interest in this book—especially in the chapter upon 'Doubt'—to make us look forward to the large technical volume which we are assured is being prepared for publication in this country. We may add a hope that the work of translation will be more competently accomplished than in the present instance, and greater care devoted to the reading of proofs.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE CITIZEN

Christ and Caesar. By N. Micklem and H. Morgan. The Swarthmore Press. 6s. 6d. net.

HAPPY must have been those days when Church and State were still, without much reasoning and in spite of ample disagreements, regarded simply as aspects of the same idea, and when their relative positions were matters for Emperors and Popes, Kings and

Prelates, with a few interested schoolmen, lawyers, and men-at-arms on either side. But they are dead beyond recall. Every individual is now a battle-field and he must look to his individuality. It is to this mighty atom that the authors of 'Christ and Cæsar' make their appeal. They see Christian truth and Christian reality menaced on either side by Social revolutionaries and Ecclesiastical revolutionaries. Karl Marx and the Marxians, anxious for class war, bring the materialistic conceptions of history and of knowledge in support of the rejection of God as a bourgeois institution. The authors admit that there is some reason for the popularity of these ideas, although with acute analysis they advance to the destruction of their philosophical basis. Having dealt trenchantly though sympathetically with Marx, it is child's play to deal with Dr. Temple. Indeed, we are inclined to agree that the Bishop of Manchester and his disciples did the gravely discredited Churches no good service by appearing as the apologists of war and the champions of the divinity of the State. Whether laymen will be prepared to follow the authors of this book into a denial of the myth of the personality of the State we rather doubt. They will probably say with Dr. Figgis that nations must be treated "practically as persons" and rest content with that.

None the less this is a book which deserves to be read carefully. It shows us the varying creeds of social and Christian revolution which are offered to the working classes as nourishment for their discontent. It removes any surprise we may have felt that they largely turn their backs upon the second alternative. It provides us also with a vigorous plea for individuality. It is urgent that we should recognise personality as real and that we should decline to recognise it at all except where it is real. It breaks, not perhaps quite fairly, but violently and successfully, through the sophistries of the "general will." It cares little for shibboleths and much for the deepening spirit of man. It does not in its constructive part seem very helpful to us personally, but we are glad that it should have been written. It may be said of it that here is individualism run riot. The charge would hardly be true, but in any case it is high time that individualism gave some sign of its existence in a world that is rapidly being smothered by parochial patriotism on the one side and by spiritless syndicalism on the other.

MEMOIRS OF A NOVELIST

Memoirs of a Clubman. By G. B. Burgin. Hutchinson. 16s. net.

BETWEEN the supreme artist in fiction and that envious lady (usually, alas, it is a lady) who produces the "best-seller," there is a definite kinship of passion which separates them sharply from the professional novelist. Him the gods neither condemn to the discomfort of Dostoevsky in Siberia nor elect to the bliss of Miss Corelli in Stratford. He may have the industry almost of a Balzac; indeed Mr. Burgin, whose 'Memoirs' lie before us, has written over sixty novels. Yet he lacks the passion which moved Emily Brontë and Miss Ethel Dell equally to 'Wuthering Heights' and 'Greatheart.'

Mr. Burgin's book is of value in a way he did not specifically intend. It is a highly instructive manual to the student of the professional literary mind. From Mr. Burgin's pages we are allowed to gather not only his own processes, but to peep behind the literary scenes and observe twenty more late Victorian and early Edwardian novelists sitting rapt before their typewriters. Of course Mr. Burgin himself is not quite decided as to what really happens. His novel, he once declares, "wrote itself in six weeks and I had very little to do with it. . . . An author is little more than a living telephone. . . ." But he has clear views on the function of the heroine. "As a rule, we begin with the heroine; she ought to be the most prominent person in the book." We learn also: "Your heroine and

hero, villain and mother-in-law, ought to be put together so that their characters fit with the precision of a Chinese puzzle. . . ." So now we know how it is done.

The actual reminiscences of Mr. Burgin concern a literary London of which Robert Barr and Mr. Jerome seem to have been the high priests; they lack importance, therefore, when we recollect the complete silence concerning Meredith, Henley, Hardy—everybody who was of real value. We regret Mr. Burgin's facetious malapropisms ("nothing exterminate," "I procipitate") and his more-than-thrice-told jokes; but we confess that his description of the unfilial behaviour on the part of one of Patmore's sons towards that arch-poet of the domestic virtues is a pungent morsel to the connoisseur of irony.

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Frank Maxwell: Brigadier-General, V.C., C.S.I., D.S.O. A Memoir and Some Letters. Edited by his Wife. Murray. 12s. net.

GENERAL MAXWELL was one of those men whose temperaments and abilities exactly suit them for soldiering. He was born of what is known as "fighting stock" and with four brothers entered the Indian Cavalry, where from the first he was marked for distinction. During the Chitral Relief Expedition he was recommended for the V.C.—which decoration he was actually awarded later, in the Boer War—and in the Tirah Expedition he won the D.S.O. In 1900 he became A.D.C. to Lord Kitchener, for whom he formed a close attachment, and when the South African Campaign ended he accompanied him home to England and thence to India. Many affectionate allusions to K. of K. occur in his letters, which do not, however, add much to our knowledge of him, and it is not surprising to find Maxwell one of those who regarded his death in 1916 as a national catastrophe. In 1910 Maxwell became Military Secretary to the Viceroy, and received the C.S.I. for work in connexion with the Coronation Durbar. He managed to get to France in 1916 and was given command of 12th Middlesex, gaining a bar to his D.S.O. for gallantry at Thiépval. But his greatest achievement was the taking of Trônes Wood. In October, 1916, he was appointed to command the 27th Infantry Brigade, and still held this command when he was killed in September of the following year while reconnoitring in No Man's Land in a characteristically fearless manner.

His letters here collected by his wife, together with a very brief memoir, would be in themselves of little interest, while their literary merit is negligible; but their value rests in the fact that through them all shines the attractive personality of a brave man and a gentleman. All who knew him have testified to his charm of manner and particularly to his strong individuality, which evoked a tremendous loyalty and affection in his men, though it was sometimes looked askance at by the more conventional staff. The volume forms a fitting memorial to a very gallant soldier.

CANAAN

Canaan. By Graça Aranha. Translated by M. J. Lorente. Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.

IT is a tantalising experience to peer at what one suspects to be a cunningly coloured fabric through the drab fog of the ordinary translation; and this is quite an ordinary translation, with all the familiar shortcomings of the majority of its fellows: wooden disjointedness of dialogue, the nervous use of bygone slang for the original colloquialisms, the substitution of conventional flowers of speech for what is probably the individual and illuminating phrase. Britons, moreover, will hold it to be an additional disadvantage that the translator acquired his English in the United States. The employment of such expressions as

"buying eats," "loaned," "you poor boob!" even "fixing beds," will be apt to disturb the mood in which they are best able to appreciate the Brazilian author; and American readers will agree with them that the persistent appearance (for example) of the adjective "sweet" to describe everything, from love to sunset, is exceedingly discouraging.

From this ordeal Senhor Aranha emerges proportionately more damaged than such writers as Turgenev or Björnson; for his story is slight, the action rather scanty, the conclusion wild and unsatisfactory, and the construction devoid of any sort of balance. More than half the book is concerned with the visual impressions and intellectual speculations of the hero, Milkau, an idealistic young German who has turned his back disgustedly on European civilisation, in the hope of discovering a primitive Utopia in a settlement of his countrymen near the coast of Brazil. In the latter pages, it is true, he is thrown into a village tragedy—one of the disillusionments which thrust upon him the conviction that human nature is much the same the world over. This episode is treated with fierce vigour and every circumstance of repulsiveness, necessary and otherwise; indeed some of the details are as sickening as anything in 'Pot-bouille' or 'La Terre.' But it remains no more than an episode; it forms no essential part of the author's scheme. His real power (and it seems to be a very real one) lies in the presentation of a series of pictures to the mind's eye. His descriptions of the hills and rivers of Espirito-Santo, of the overpowering fecundity and gorgeousness of the tropical forests, of such things as great woodland fires and prairie floods, are narrowly observed, convincing and enthralling; and it is when reading them that we most sigh for the style that has been lost in turning them out of one language into another.

There are, it should be said, other most interesting features in 'Canaan.' The national life and politics of Brazil are little known outside South America; and the account given by Senhor Aranha of the silent struggle proceeding (in the days of which he writes) between the natives and the peacefully penetrating Germans, of the apathetic pessimism of the mass of the population, the despairing patriotism of a minority, and the brutal corruption of the Brazilian officials, has all the attraction of novelty. The peasants and immigrants, who fill the minor rôles—particularly the mulatto, Joca, with his weird tales of local superstitions—are stimulatingly exotic. But the two German youths who are the protagonists throughout are much less entertaining. Milkau's Tolstoian anarchism and Lentz's Treitschkean gospel of blood and iron are expounded at far too great length, and, if always with intelligence, with no startling profundity or originality. There is about Milkau, especially, too often a suggestion of good Mr. Barlow, or the instructive father of the Swiss Family Robinson. But after all these lengthy interruptions, the general narrative discursiveness and the handicap of language, one lays down the book gratefully aware that one has journeyed for a while through a strange and beautiful country, among oddly incomprehensible people, and that one's æsthetic sense and curiosity have alike been refreshingly excited.

NERO AND MR. LUCAS

Rose and Rose. By E. V. Lucas. Methuen. 6s. net.

MR. LUCAS is the most urbane of novelists; nothing can shake his relentless urbanity. While Europe burns, this gentle Nero still strums at the harpsichord in a drawing-room of *vieux rose* and tarnished gilt. There are a few deaths in Mr. Lucas's latest novel, an elopement, an estrangement, but they do not disturb the quiet flow of the melody. It is all very soothing. 'Rose and Rose' is narrated by a sweet old doctor who succeeds as a young man to the guardianship of Rose the First, the daughter of a neighbour who did not want her to be educated by his narrow-minded sister, Millicent. In time Rose marries a

barrister who steams unused stamps off envelopes, and we are not surprised when she elopes, even after the birth of Rose the Second, with Ronnie, whom she had played with as a child and nursed as a girl. Again the doctor becomes the guardian of a Rose. And finally, after the barrister fades and Ronnie dies, the two Roses and the doctor take a house in London and live together very happily.

The story is perhaps too ingenuous, even in details (what can be a more ingenuous Nemesis for the nasty Aunt Millicent than that her own daughter should have an incorrect baby?) and the conversation really too naïve:

"But you scratched a Hun or two, I hope?"
"I fancy I did," he said.
"Any medals?" I said.
"I got the D.S.O.," he replied simply.

His readers demand charm from Mr. Lucas and they will not be disappointed. But in the treatment of the barrister after Rose has deserted him they will find a delicate artistry worthy of Mr. Lucas's less trivial achievements.

Books Received

- ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES
ESSAYS ON THE LATIN ORIENT. By W. Miller. Cambridge University Press. 40s. net.
HISPANIC NOTES AND MONOGRAPHS: Gil Vicente. By Aubrey F. G. Bell. Oxford University Press. Humphrey Milford: 5s. net.
PENNY ROYAL. By J. B. Morton. Philip Allan: 6s. 6d. net.
RUSKIN'S POLITICS. By G. Bernard Shaw. Ruskin Centenary Council: 5s. net.
SHAKESPEARE AND THE JEW. By Gerard Friedlander. Routledge: 3s. 6d. net.
THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. By John Gay. Heinemann: 15s. net.
THE COMEDIES OF HAROLD CHAPIN. With an Introduction by J. M. Barrie. Chatto & Windus: 12s. 6d. net.
THE SPANISH ROYAL TAPESTRIES. By A. F. Calvert. Lane: 15s. net.
HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY
A CATHOLIC HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN. By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton. Burns & Oates: 5s. net.
A HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Vols. III and IV. Cambridge University Press: 30s. net each.
A SHORT HISTORY OF THE PAPACY. By Mary I. M. Bell. Methuen: 21s. net.
ELIZABETH INCHBALD AND HER CIRCLE. By S. R. Littlewood. O'Connor: 10s. 6d. net.
HISTORY OF THE 'NEW YORK TIMES,' 1861—1921. By Elmer Davis. New York Times.
MATTHEW PRIOR. By L. G. Wickham-Legg. Cambridge University Press: 22s. 6d. net.
STORIES FROM FRENCH HISTORY. By Eleanor C. Price. Harrap: 6s. net.
THE EAST AFRICAN FORCE, 1915—1919. By Brig.-Gen. C. P. Fendall. Witherby: 16s. net.
THE FIGHTING AT JUTLAND. Abridged Edition. Edited by H. W. Fawcett and G. W. Hooper. Macmillan: 21s. net.
THE LIFE OF ELIE METCHNIKOFF. By Olga Metchnikoff. Constable: 21s. net.
THE RAIDERS OF THE SARHAD. By Brig.-Gen. R. E. H. Dyer, C.B. Witherby: 15s. net.
THE NICHOLAS PAPERS. Correspondence of Sir Edward Nicholas. Vol. IV. 1657—1660. Royal Historical Society.
VERSE
ANGELS AND MINISTERS. Three Plays of Victorian Shade and Character. By Laurence Housman. Cape: 7s. 6d. net.
EXTENDENCY. By Campbell Fletcher. Erskine Macdonald: 2s. 6d. net.
HELL-TOPS. By Henry Bryan Binns. Cape: 7s. 6d. net.
MARY AND OTHER POEMS. By Marjorie Noel Hood. Erskine Macdonald: 5s. net.
MINOR POETS OF THE CAROLINE PERIOD. Vol. III. Edited by George Saintsbury. Oxford: Clarendon Press: 16s. net.
THE RETURN AND OTHER POEMS. By Margaret L. Woods. Lane: 6s. net.
SOCIOLOGY
POLITICAL ECONOMY OF WAR. By A. C. Pigou. Macmillan: 8s. 6d. net.
SEX: FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS. By William L. Stowell. Macmillan: 17s. net.
THE ENGLISH PRISON SYSTEM. By Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise. Macmillan: 7s. 6d. net.
THE HUMAN FACTOR IN BUSINESS. By B. Seeborn Rowntree. Longmans: 6s. net.
THOUGHTS ON WAR AND PEACE. By Professor Nicholas Petrescu. Watts: 5s. net.
FICTION
ALICE ADAMS. By Booth Tarkington. Hodder & Stoughton: 7s. 6d. net.
ALMAYER'S FOLLY. By Joseph Conrad. New Edition. Nash: 2s. 6d. net.
HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER. By Gene Stratton Porter. Murray: 7s. 6d. net.
IN KIDAR'S TENTS. By H. Seton Merriman. New Edition. Nash: 2s. 6d. net.
MAKI. By B. J. Minney. Lane: 7s. 6d. net.
MARTIN CONISBY'S VENGEANCE. By Jeffery Farnol. Sampson Low: 7s. 6d. net.
RED POTTAGE. By Mary Chomondeley. New Edition. Nash: 2s. 6d. net.
RODNEY STONE. By A. Conan Doyle. New Edition. Nash: 2s. 6d. net.
ROSE IN THE BUD. By Maud Mallet. Mills & Boon: 8s. 6d. net.
THE FOUR FEATHERS. By A. E. W. Mason. New Edition. Nash: 2s. 6d. net.
THE HOUR BEFORE DAWN. By John Knipe. Lane: 8s. 6d. net.
THE LOST LAWYER. By George A. Birmingham. Methuen: 7s. 6d. net.
THE OLD HOUSE. By Cecile Tourney. Philip Allan: 8s. 6d. net.
THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR. By Peter B. Kyne. Hodder & Stoughton: 7s. 6d. net.
THE RAJAH'S DAUGHTER. By F. E. Penny. Hodder & Stoughton: 7s. 6d. net.
THE SINGING CAPTIVES. By S. B. C. Jones. Sanderson: 6s. net.
THE SKY RIDERS. By T. C. Bridges. Harrap: 6s. net.
TRISTRAM OF BLENT. By Anthony Hope. New Edition. Nash: 2s. 6d. net.
WAY DOWN EAST. By Joseph R. Grismer. Cecil Palmer: 2s. 6d. net.
WHAT WOMAN WISHES. By Anthony M. Ludovici. Hutchinson: 8s. 6d. net.
MISCELLANEOUS
A BOOK OF DRAWINGS. By H. M. Bateman. Methuen: 10s. 6d. net.
APPLES AND HONEY. A Gift Book for Jewish Boys and Girls. Edited by Nina Salaman. Heinemann: 7s. 6d. net.
DAVID COPPERFIELD. A Reading in Five Chapters by Charles Dickens. Reprinted from the privately printed edition of 1866. Sotheran: 15s. net.
SILVER: FEWTER: SHEFFIELD PLATE. By Fred W. Burgess. Routledge: 12s. 6d. net.

The City

This Department of THE SATURDAY REVIEW will on October 1 come under the charge of Mr. Hartley Withers, at present Editor of 'The Economist.'

THE STOCK MARKETS

MONEY has been tightening up a little, and apparently the spell of abnormal ease, due as everyone admits to artificial conditions, is ending. But there is no reason why the pendulum should swing to the other extreme, unless political considerations combine with ordinary commercial factors to create stringency in the remaining months of the year. Gilt-edged stocks have not quite held their best prices, a good deal of the capital available for investment going into new issues which are becoming more plentiful. The Lancashire Electric 7½% Prior Lien Debs. and the Manchester Brewery 7½% Debs. were readily subscribed. In the course of this week some big lines of Debs. and Ordinary shares in the Lancashire Brewery combine will be offered for subscription, and other issues are impending. All of these divert money from existing securities, and markets generally have an idle and dull appearance. Grand Trunks failed to derive encouragement from the receipt on this side of the full text of the arbitrator's judgment, upon which counsel's opinion has been taken as to the best course for the stockholders to adopt. Mexican Government bonds continue to meet with support, owing to the strong probability that a resumption of interest payments on the External Fives will be made in the near future. It is understood that 20% per cent of the arrears will be paid off, which should give the bonds a higher valuation than at present.

INDUSTRIALS

Bad reports and dividend announcements continue to arrive almost daily, as is natural enough after the spell of severe trade depression. We need only cite the Magadi Soda and British Cyanides report, and the reduction of the Maypole Deferred dividend, as illustrating the trend of events. Most of the leading Iron and Steel companies, whose reports have recently appeared, show a falling off in profits. Although such results were fully expected, the Industrial market is rendered nervous, and there is a tendency to realise the Ordinary shares of companies which have not yet announced their dividends, and may have to reduce them. The demand for Debenture stocks is less active, because of the competition of new issues. Of the factors likely to influence the course of prices in the near future, the most important is the lowering in the cost of coal, which should follow upon the wages reductions in some mining districts, including South Wales, due to take effect early in next month. Already there is a tendency to anticipate the advantages of cheaper fuel to industry generally, and to Engineering and Shipping firms and Gas companies in particular.

CHINESE BOND WEAKNESS

Our warning as to the unduly high level to which Chinese bonds had been hoisted as the result of indiscriminate buying, is justified by the fall in prices that has since occurred. It needed the default on the "Marconi" 8% Treasury bonds to bring home to the average investor what has been apparent for some time past to all who have studied Far Eastern affairs, that Chinese finance is in an unsatisfactory condition. When the reaction came, it was severe, and extended to the loans secured on the Customs as well as to those less tangibly covered. The position of the Customs loans and of those secured on the salt gabelle is of course relatively strong, though even at the current level, the Fives of 1896 do not yield enough to compensate for the risk of holding the bonds of a Government which is very hard pressed for money, and which,

in view of the failure of the attempt to raise an international loan, will apparently have to apply to the International Consortium for assistance. It is unlikely that under present financial conditions a new External Loan could be issued to give a lower yield than 7%.

EXCHANGE FACTORS

Further weakness in the German mark has been a feature of the exchanges. Its bearing upon Germany's export trade and also on that of reparation payments engages attention. While the suggestion that the country is deliberately playing for default is not taken very seriously, it seems clear that at least no effort is being made to support the exchange without which future reparation payments will be rendered infinitely more difficult. On the other hand, Germany is commonly reported to be enjoying an industrial boom, but it is difficult to see how it can be maintained indefinitely. Inflation of the currency continues and no serious effort is being made to make internal revenue balance expenditure. Perseverance on present lines seems bound to end in disaster. German workmen are demanding higher wages as the mark depreciates in value, and the present state of affairs is suggestive of fictitious prosperity that cannot endure. A serious attempt at deflation now would precipitate a slump of the first magnitude. The situation bristles with grave possibilities not only for Germany but the rest of Europe.

RUBBER MARKET STRONGER

A welcome recrudescence of strength in the Rubber Share Market has been a feature this week. As the public demand is still almost negligible, the rise in share values is obviously due to a better sentiment, and if this alone is capable of putting prices better, a genuine buying movement will certainly have a marked effect. The improvement is due to the encouraging import and export figures of crude rubber for last month. They are as follows:—

	Aug. 1921	Aug. 1920
Imports ...	6,137 tons	10,865 tons
Exports ...	5,951 "	3,483 "

It will be seen that imports were less and exports substantially more than those of the same month last year, indicating reduced production and increased consumption. The importance of this at a time when the market is overlaid with stocks is self-evident. The inference is that manufacturers' supplies abroad are running low, and that the trade outlook is sufficiently good to justify further buying. From now on it will be worth while to give close attention to the imports and trade deliveries of rubber, for these figures will be a useful guide to the future trend of the market.

ANGLO-DUTCH RECOVER

The most interesting development in the Share Market has been the recovery in Anglo-Dutch Plantations of Java from 19s. 6d. to about 22s. As we pointed out previously, these, together with other Java shares, have been pressed for sales on account of additional taxation in the Netherlands Indies. The late rally in the shares is due to a belief that the tax liability will not be so severe as was at first thought.

TWO ANNUAL REPORTS

Two annual reports of some importance have just appeared, showing results less adverse than might have been expected. That of Seaport Rubber Estate indicates a profit of £6,222 for the year ended June. For the previous year the surplus was £22,829. With the balance brought in, the company is able to carry forward £21,697 to the current year. The report of Sialang is for the season ended January last, and, therefore, gives little indication of the present state of affairs. Including the unappropriated profit of £39,000 from the previous year, and after deducting £20,755 for excess profits duty, a balance of £24,710 remained to bring forward. There is also a claim of

£17,500 for refund of duty. The discussion of ways and means at the general meeting next week will be followed with more than ordinary interest.

TEA PRODUCERS AND MR. GANDHI

Whatever the official attitude towards Mr. Gandhi and his policy of non-co-operation, it is clear from his speech at the annual meeting of Chargola Tea that the chairman of that particular undertaking has very definite views on the subject. He would promptly put all sedition-mongers under lock and key. From the tea-planting point of view this attitude is readily understandable. Mr. Gandhi's emissaries have been persuading the unsophisticated workers on the tea gardens to "down tools" and leave for home. Herded together under grossly insanitary conditions, with cholera rife amongst them, the survivors eventually reached their native villages, only to find themselves unwelcome refugees in a famine-stricken land. If this is typical of industrial conditions in India the sooner Mr. Gandhi's activities are suppressed the better for all concerned.

RAW COTTON ACTIVITY

Our Manchester correspondent writes: "There continues a lack of stability in raw cotton prices, and many changes in values are still taking place. Bullish news from the United States is plentiful, and there is some talk of the Bureau condition report on the crop due at the beginning of October showing a deterioration during the month of about 10 per cent. An extensive business has again been done in the Liverpool market in futures and on the spot, but most of the buying has been for Continental and American interests. Less satisfactory advices are now being received relating to the Egyptian growth. Private estimates of the yield centre round 3,500,000 cantars, against 4,770,000 cantars last year. Prices on the week show a distinct advance.

TRADE OUTLOOK IN INDIA

Up to the last few days the boycott of foreign goods in India has not been taken very seriously by Manchester, but it is now being more fully realised that the Gandhi agitation is creating a grave position of affairs. Cables are to hand stating that business in the bazaars is at a standstill, and there are fears in some quarters of attempts being made to destroy foreign cloths. In the circumstances, fresh business is out of the question, and local shippers are looking on, pending developments in the situation. A satisfactory feature is the healthy character of the monsoon, and of course it is quite impossible for the mills in our Dependency to satisfy the requirements of the natives.

COTTON TRADE SHORT TIME

The half-yearly statistics of the International Cotton Federation are now available, and the figures relating to consumption and stocks in the hands of spinners are very interesting. Mr. Pearse, the general secretary, has compiled an important report on short time, and the extent of curtailment of yarn production during the past six months is striking. In Britain the stoppages have amounted to nearly thirteen weeks, and restriction of output in Belgium has also been on a similar scale. In France the stoppages total to nearly seven weeks, and in Germany five and a half weeks. It is pointed out that in England more than 2,000,000 spindles have gone out of existence during the past year. A special meeting of the committee of the International Federation is to be held in Paris on October 12th, when Mr. Pearse will present his report on the prospects for cotton growing in Brazil.

TEXTILE SHARES

Without there being any decided improvement in the demand for textile shares prices are rather steadier. Most of the leading combines have profited by the recent rise in values, and stocks are worth much more money than a month ago. In mill shares quotations remain very irregular. There is still a distinct fear of further calls. Some spinners of fine counts in the Bolton district are more favourably situated than a short time ago. At the meeting of the Calico Printers' Association on Wednesday Mr. Lennox Lee, the chairman, made an interesting speech in which he strongly criticised the trade policy of the Government. His remarks were well received by the shareholders.

THE MINING MARKET

Public support is still lacking for the Mining Market, in spite of the moving up and down of prices in the hope of attracting business. The currency price of gold is advancing, due to seasonal demand for dollar exchange, while a welcome fillip for Kaffirs is the announcement that the Miners' Phthisis Board has reduced the amount of its quarterly levies upon the mines from £200,000 to £150,000 owing to the claims made having been considerably less than were estimated when the new phthisis Act came into force in 1919. The reduction is estimated to amount to about twopence per ton milled. The effect will be most felt by the companies with large tonnages, although it remains to be seen how far the benefit may be wiped out by the reported increase in the price of explosives. The Lewis and Marks group, largely interested in undeveloped mining leases in the Far Eastern Rand, is evidently undecided as to policy, for the options issued by the Grootvlei Proprietary Mines have been extended for another two years. The Company raised its capital from £600,000 to £1,500,000 some years ago for the purpose of opening up the Van Ryn Reef, proved by boreholes to exist under its farm, but after starting two shafts it suspended operations. The fall in the price of Copper has not been helpful to Tanganyikas, which have been offered down to the neighbourhood of £1. Tin has been harder, but Nigerians have been neglected owing to dissatisfaction with local managements. The uncertainty with regard to the future of Rhodesia has been harmful to Chartered, while Rhodesians generally have been inactive. The breach of faith alleged against the Soviet Government by Lord Curzon has been detrimental to Russian Mining stocks.

MAGADI SODA COMPANY

It is not unnatural that the loss of £159,326 shown in the balance-sheet of the Magadi Soda Company should have been regarded with disappointment by the shareholders. The company was formed some

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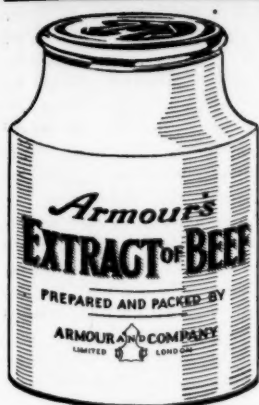
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METHOD: Rub the flour smooth in the melted butter, add the milk and Armour's Extract of Beef, dissolved in the boiling water. Stir until sauce boils, add seasoning, take from heat and add the yolks of the eggs beaten with a teaspoonful of evaporated milk. Re-heat and serve. When flour and butter are properly blended these sauces do not require straining.

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eleven years ago to exploit a natural soda deposit in East Africa, and although brought out under the auspices of the Shell group, the public gave the venture a miss in baulk, with the consequence that the underwriters had to take up over 90 per cent. of their underwriting. Luck has certainly been against the company, which as a preliminary operation had to construct a branch railway, 93 miles long, from a junction with the Uganda Railway to Lake Magadi, and provide an efficient water supply. These works had barely been completed when war broke out, and for five years the Government took possession of both the railway and the water supply, for the use of which all compensation has been refused. Then the provision of plant to equip the works was delayed by the moulders' strike, so that really the commercial production of soda ash dates no further back than last November. Under these circumstances the loss shown in the last balance accounts to December 31st, 1920, is hardly to be wondered at and may be considered to be fully discounted in the present price of the shares. It is understood that the company has now one unit at work, and that five other units will shortly be in operation, and that the output, which is at present sold in India, is meeting with appreciation, and can be disposed of at a price which successfully meets the competition of the Brunner Mond supplies. If the chairman at the meeting next week can give assurances that the company is at last in a position to maintain production on a commercial scale, both the ordinary and deferred shares, at 7s. 6d. and 3s. respectively, appear to be a lock-up with considerable possibilities.

OIL MARKET NOTES

The volume of business has been smaller, and though Paris turned round and became buyers on Tuesday, Amsterdam were sellers again on the following day and prices show a decline on the week. Eagles have lost $\frac{3}{16}$ at 4 $\frac{11}{16}$, Shells have fallen from 4 $\frac{7}{8}$ to 4 $\frac{5}{8}$ and Royal Dutch are £2 10s. lower at 37 $\frac{1}{2}$. Shells and Eagles, however, were at one time as low as 4 $\frac{9}{16}$. Trinidad shares are lower on balance—Central having dropped from 3 to 2 $\frac{25}{32}$ and Apex from 1 $\frac{27}{32}$ to 1 $\frac{25}{32}$, while Leaseholds and United British are both $\frac{1}{16}$ cheaper at 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ and $\frac{3}{8}$ respectively. Burmah left off $\frac{1}{8}$ lower at 5 $\frac{9}{16}$. British Burmah having fallen from 15 $\frac{1}{16}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ recovered to 13 $\frac{1}{16}$ on buying from the East. Indo-Burmah slipped back from 9 $\frac{1}{3}$ to 8/- on the new Debenture issue. There has been a steady business in Eagle Transport Notes.

FRENCH AND GERMAN OIL INTERESTS

Now that France has annulled the prohibition on the export and re-export of petroleum and other mineral oils, some results of the diplomatic manœuvring as between the two chief oil interests on either side of the Atlantic should soon manifest themselves. The hand of France in her capacity as a consumer of oil products, is a favour indeed—wheresoever reposed. One suitor is, of course, Standard Oil, whose rival this side the water is Royal Dutch-Shell. They are old contestants for this same prize, and in the renewed bid for its possession, each has powerful friends at court. Men of highest influence in the national life of France are, in their personal capacities, associated with the rival interests, and the observer envisages the situation as one certainly not unattractive to France. The Standard's choice of a figure calculated to impress our Gallic neighbours was a master-stroke, and continued to be so regarded until the Royal Dutch-Shell spelt out another name at least equally potent. Royal-Dutch is a "bonnie fechter" and when in the last tilt in France between the rivals one retired, it was not Royal Dutch. Whether the present bid for France's patronage will assume the character of a fight *à l'outrance*, remains to be seen, but assuredly the prize is handsomely worth while. France, from end to end,

is literally illuminated by oil. Her dependence in this respect has no other parallel among nations of her class. Hence, favour from that quarter must have most significant influence on the oil industry. Speaking of national favour, it is of interest to glance at Germany also. Here is a vast market palpitating for notice. Germany hungers for oil products, and would fain march with British interests, providing no limit were set to her capital investments. That provision, however, of our law, precluding more than 25% of foreign capital in British companies, does not fit in with her ambitions. This provision is only a little more acceptable than the suggestion that Germany should seek in Poland the solution of her oil problem, for in contributing to the prosperity of the new Polish State Germany will take no hand or part. The eyes of Germany are turned to Mexico and the South American continent, but the problem there is how to proceed without association with British interests and on a basis fitting in with Germany's aspirations to independence in the matter of oil supplies. There is no special reason to ignore the fact that in circumventing the "snags" of Germany's oil problem Herr Stinnes and his co-operators would not be denied sympathetic support in British capitalist circles.

U.S.A. OIL RESERVES

The membership of Oil Associations in the United States comprises men in every way practical. Four of these organisations recently met in convention at Chicago. This Convention "had no use" for the systematised propaganda seeking to rule out, within our own time, the United States as the world's chief source of oil supply. "Oil," retorts the Convention, "in price will always compare favourably with coal, and the supply will be as stable as that of coal for generations to come. Much misleading propaganda has been disseminated, leading the public to believe that the United States in the immediate future faces a serious shortage of petroleum and its products, whereas reliable information from all sources proves conclusively that the petroleum deposits within the confines of the United States alone have, as yet, been merely scratched, and what is still undeveloped is beyond computation, yet, based on already proved fields, supplies are adequate for a long period to come, even though consumption were to go on at the same rate of increase as has occurred during the last few years."

U.S.A.—MEXICAN UNDERSTANDING

Definite and detailed information as to the understanding arrived at between the American producers and the Mexican Government in their recent conference, is expected here any day—indeed is overdue. The result is confidently expected to be favourable to resumption of work; meanwhile August is reported to have made a very poor showing in oil exports, and reports from United States oil circles cannot foresee a quick recovery for Mexican shipments. August is likely to register a considerably lower figure than July. The precise bearing on the situation of the objectionable new taxes would be revealed in August when payment became due, and the further reduction of shipments during that month may well be attributed to this factor, rather than to the "rumoured" accession of the Dutch-Shell interests to the ranks of those American producers forswearing all activity pending settlement of the taxation question. Possibly, too, the advisability of publishing the decision of the Government after conferring with the American delegation hinged on the same object lesson—namely, how the tax bore itself in actual operation—since, despite advance "explanations" from both sides, there remained more than enough fog investing the question, and requiring to be dispelled.

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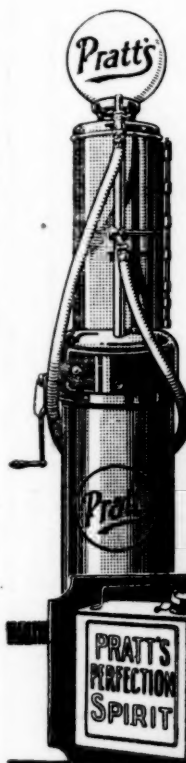


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THE 24TH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE UNION COLD STORAGE CO., LTD., was held on Wednesday, September 21, 1921, at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Mr. Roger P. Sing (chairman of the company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. E. Hinchliff) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said: Ladies and Gentlemen, I take it to be your pleasure that the Report and Accounts which we submit to you to-day, and which have been in your hands for some time, should, in accordance with the custom of previous years, be taken as read.

I know you will take pleasure in joining me in tendering to Sir Edmund Vestey our congratulations upon the honour of the Baronetcy recently conferred upon him. It is a fitting reward for the energy and industry he has rendered to the commercial world generally. We of the Union Cold Storage Company, Limited, know how largely his industry and ability have contributed to the success of our business. I regret that Sir Edmund is not with us to-day, and he apologises for not being here; but I am sure it will be your wish to join us in tendering our congratulations to him. (Hear, hear.)

CONTINUED PROGRESS.

In moving the usual resolution for the adoption of the Report, I will ask you to give me your attention for a few minutes so that I may briefly bring to your notice such matters as deserve to be specially mentioned. Progress with the Union Cold Storage Company has become habitual, and the year 1920, which is now under review, compares favourably with the years which have gone before, and I have no hesitation in stating that the results attained are, under all the difficult circumstances that prevailed during the year, wonderfully good. Such results can only be achieved by constant care and close application to business, and in this respect I can claim that the Union Cold Storage Company is second to none in the energy of its Directors, in the efficiency of its management, and in the whole-hearted and untiring co-operation of the whole staff throughout all our Branches.

ASSETS INCREASED.

The capital increase made in the early part of 1920, to which I was able to allude at our last annual meeting, now appears for the first time in our balance-sheet. You will remember that this took the form of a further issue of 700,000 10 per cent. Cumulative "A" Preference Shares, and the issue of 2,000,000 7 per cent. Preference Shares all of £1 each. The assets acquired exceeded considerably the amount of the new capital raised, and this is reflected in the amount of outstanding creditors and loans. Personally I do not like an over-spent Capital Account, and I am glad to tell you that we are in process of carrying out certain arrangements which will reduce these outstanding debits to a very much smaller figure. No new capital issue is contemplated at the moment.

REVENUE AND DIVIDEND.

If you will turn now to our Revenue, you will see that as a result of the year's working, and including the amount brought

forward from last year, there is a balance available of £539,110. After paying debenture interest, dividends on all classes of Preference shares, interest on Specific Mortgages, and making the usual reserve for depreciation, there remains a balance of £117,496 which will permit of the payment of the usual dividend of 10 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares, which is what we recommend, and will enable us to carry forward £87,496 to 1921, as compared with £71,716 brought in from the previous year. You will notice that for the year 1920 we have purchased and cancelled £54,127 Debenture Stock, and have reduced the specific Mortgages by £20,800. The total amount of Debenture Stock which has been redeemed and cancelled to date is £535,333, and the total amount repaid to date on specific Mortgage Account is £98,750. These reductions in the amount of our indebtedness improve the position of the company materially. I do not think there is anything further in the accounts which calls for special attention.

From what I have already said, both to-day and on previous occasions, you will realise that year by year our progress has been both consistent and material. At the same time I do not wish you to think that we do not have our difficult times, and I can assure you that the successful conduct of your world-wide business requires at all times quite exceptional care and foresight on the part of the management.

I can claim that we have established a reputation, and the "Union" is thereby able to attract by its known superior conduct of its business those trades which require the most reliable refrigerating facilities, and we all feel that it is one of our first duties to maintain and to further that reputation.

CURRENT YEAR'S BUSINESS.

Having now received our report and balance-sheet, and given you a few comments on our aims and methods, it only remains for me to add a few words concerning the current year. Ever since last autumn a pronounced depression has prevailed throughout the business world generally, which as far as this country is concerned was gravely accentuated by the industrial troubles of the early summer. It seems now at last as if wiser counsels are to prevail, and we all devoutly hope to see our domestic affairs settle down, and that business may revive and a real and lasting improvement be established throughout the country generally. In spite of all the depression to which I have referred, I have pleasure in telling you that for the year 1921 to date our business continues to make the usual progress, and, if it should again be my privilege to meet you next year, and to preside at your annual meeting, I look forward with every confidence to being able to present to you satisfactory accounts for the year 1921.

I can assure you that your interests are being watched carefully and thoroughly as they have been in the past.

It may interest you to know that there are about 19,000 holders of the company's securities on our registers, and that the number is steadily increasing.

APPRECIATION OF STAFF.

In conclusion, I should like to place on record our appreciation of the faithful work and helpful co-operation of the various staffs at all our branches. One and all, they give us of their best, and our success is due largely to their help. You shareholders will wish, I have no doubt, to join with me and my co-Directors in this expression of our appreciation of their efforts.

I now formally beg to move that the accounts for the year 1920 as presented to the meeting, be approved and adopted. I will ask: Mr. T. B. Horsfield to second the resolution and then, should any shareholder wish further information, I will do my very best to answer any questions which may be put to me. (Applause.)

Mr. Thomas B. Horsfield seconded the motion, which, there being no questions, was at once put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

THE DIRECTORATE.

Mr. Trevor then proposed that the retiring directors, Mr. Roger P. Sing and Mr. W. G. Bunday, be re-elected.

Mr. Wilson seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted.

The Chairman, in thanking the shareholders, said he would do his best for the company in the future as he had done in the past, and he hoped it had a prosperous future before it. He was very glad indeed to have been associated with Mr. Bunday in this resolution, and he thought the shareholders had done a very good thing for themselves in re-electing that gentleman as a director. Mr. Bunday, besides being a very pleasant colleague to work with, was a very energetic man and a man of very considerable business ability.

On the motion of the Chairman, seconded by Mr. Greig, the Preference dividends already paid were duly confirmed and a dividend of 10 per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares was declared.

Mr. Gamble moved the reappointment of Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths & Co. as auditors, this being seconded by Mr. Dyson, and unanimously agreed to.

On the proposition of Mr. Gilruth, seconded by Mr. Gibbins, it was resolved that the remuneration of the directors for the year ended December 31, 1920, be fixed at the sum of £1,000, and that payment of such sum be confirmed.

The Chairman thanked the shareholders for their attendance, and the proceedings then terminated.

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"It happens that his relation is that of an observant and thinking man who is by nature, one guesses, made lonely and suspect because of his acute, ironic, and independent mind; for the world does not take warmly to its bosom the clever looker-on who can be neither cajoled nor intimidated. Still, Mr. Filson Young, in the way of those who are difficult to please, lets out his pent and native generosity on the men, like Beatty, whom he finds worthy of praise. He is also a sensitive artist, and his words have to pass an exacting conscience, so that he has written a war-book which is not only an indispensable foot-note to history, but is a very entertaining, and occasionally an exciting narrative. His sea pictures have the quality of a painting by Whistler."—**Nation and Athenaeum.**

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